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MARCH 16, 1962

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Ben Chabane

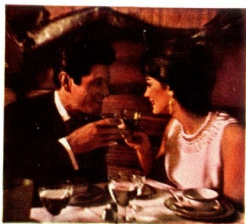


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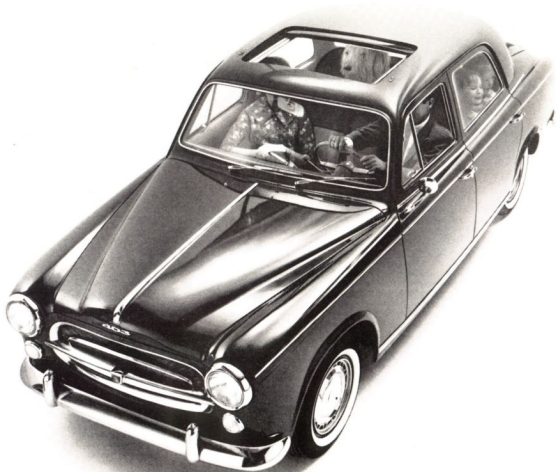
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LETTERS

Tennessee

Sir: Theater Critic Kalem's cover piece on Tennessee Williams was refreshing, especially in view of the handwagging upper-middlebrow critical sniping at the man's plays widespread the past five, six years.

EDWARD ALBEE

New York City

SIR:

SUITABLE QUOTATION WOULD BE LAST LINE OF BLANCHE. ALL FRIENDS ARE DELIGHTED. IT'S A TRULY KIND PIECE.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

NEW ORLEANS

Sir:

When an author lets loose the sewer of his mind isn't it about time the critics cried "Foul"?

JOHN E. ELIASON

Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

Having seen *Iguana*, I can see that Williams must suffer—if only from hearing the audience bray with laughter at what is not meant to be funny.

MARY CALLAND

Bronxville, N.Y.

SIR:

ALL OF US CONCERNED WITH THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND OUR HEARTFEST CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOUR EXTRAORDINARILY PERCEPTIVE PIECE ON TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

CHARLES BOWDEN
PRODUCER

NEW YORK CITY

Sir:

Your fine cover story on Tennessee Williams reminds me of that old story about his next play. In the first act the hero has an affair with his father, in the second act an affair with his mother, and in the third act he has an affair with his brother—after which he learns he's adopted, so he commits suicide.

FRED FISHER

Camden, N.J.

Sir:

News for Tennessee, who nevertheless comes to St. Louis. The house where Hazel Kramer lived was torn down last year, and a medical center now stands in its place. Dakin

♦ Blanche: "Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers."

pointed the house out to me once saying: "That used to be the home of the only girl my brother ever loved." Dakin knows most of his brother's lines by heart and needs no prodding to act them out. He takes great pride in his brother's achievements.

BENJAMIN LIAMZON

St. Louis

Moving with the Muse

Sir:

As a bush leaguer among modern poets, I'd like to thank *TIME* for its article on poetry (Mar. 9). The quotations are wonderful. Your final paragraph implies that poets have deliberately exiled themselves from the human race. If schoolteachers—who give most Americans their one and only experience of poetry—could be persuaded to ignore the 19th century with its artificial diction and clumsy constructions—and give their classes the poetry of today the human race could rejoice in the poets.

JOSEPH HANSEN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:

Your review, which comprehensively skimmed the subject from Auden to Zen (though how come no Stanley Kunitz, Pulitzer Prize Poet of 1959 and best of the bunch?) moves me to the muse. To all poets, published and unpublished (or nine-tenths of the human race) I say:

Despite our oratorical bravado

We're, all of us, so . . . incommunicado.

GENE GRAMMI

New York City

Sir:

Perhaps if your critic spent less time rattling the dry, dirty bones of a dead beat, we might hear more of the quiet, honest, powerful "substance in us that prevails": John Holmes, Rolfe Humphries, John Ciardi, Paul Roche, William Carlos Williams.

M. H. KNOWLTON

Winchester, Mass.

Sir:

Now that my own personal poet has been put in his rightful place I would like to comment.

In your own inimitable style you quote Stefan George about the "indignity of being understood." It seems to me that you often do this sort of thing to lure on your readers in the complacent knowledge that you are not going to take them to task for lack of understanding. The blame will be most assuredly leveled at the poets.

When in referring to the poets and the war you say, "At first the horror of it all,



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seemed to numb them . . ." you mean, I suppose, that the rest of us more "worldly" creatures were unmoved. I underlined "of it all" because it's the tone of such phrases that makes me doubt that the poets are the ones who are in a "self-sealing vacuum." It may just be possible that TIME Magazine is living in a dream world. That ivory tower of yours is being engulfed by a "self-sealing vacuum," you'd better watch out. The poets may have to rescue you.

ELIZABETH EBERHART

Hanover, N.H.

► Reader Eberhart is wife of often-lauzeled Poet Richard Eberhart.—Ed.

Our Man in Space

Sir:

Thank you for your excellent coverage of John Glenn's orbital flight [March 2]. I intend to save this issue for my young sons in the hope that they will benefit more by reading it than by learning of it in a history book.

MRS. LEE A. DIACK

Levittown, N.J.

Sir:

I am sure that the University of Pennsylvania's George Ruff doesn't give a Rapp, but isn't he the Project Mercury psychiatrist who asked: "What did the little particles say, John?"

J. C. SCHAEFER

Philadelphia

► That was a Ruff question.—Ed.

Sir:

Thank God, thank Glenn. Thank you.

MARION PORTER

Cleveland

Urban Affairs

Sir:

I'm sure glad there are people left who can laugh. The killing of the Urban Affairs bill [March 2] seemed to me to be a pretty gloomy event. I thought it was needed; I thought large numbers of U.S. cities needed help in slum clearance, sanitation, unemployment, and welfare problems. But, as TIME gaily pointed out, it was probably all a cheap Administration political maneuver.

GARY R. BURDICK

Oxford, Ohio

Sir:

The defeat of the Administration's Urban Affairs proposal reflects not only inept politics, but also the revolt of the voters against more and bigger Government. We're just damned tired of attempts by the Executive to control everything from Washington; we Hoosiers think Kennedy is power mad and that he and his Administration are a genuine danger to our country.

J. M. JEWELL

Columbus, Ind.

Romney's Fast

Sir:

When Gus Scholle, president of Michigan's A.F.L.-C.I.O., regarded George Romney's fasting and prayer as a "phony (political) stunt," he not only disrobed his own character, but left one wondering what office Critic Scholle believes Jesus was seeking when he used the same "phony stunt."

KENDALL P. HATCH

Salt Lake City

Sir:

How come Mormon George Romney had to fast and pray for 24 hours for divine

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TIME, MARCH 16, 1962


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guidance before deciding whether to run for Governor of Michigan when he already has decided to run for President?

PETER F. CLARKE

St. Benedict, Ore.

Sir:

You have written an outstanding article on Romney. You could have placed this subject in a derogatory light, but it is written fairly, accurately and, most important, with understanding.

PAUL A. TENNEY

San Diego

A Lot of Corn

Sir:

In your article on Poland [Feb. 23] you stated that that country's corn yield reached 449 bu. per acre in 1961. Such an astronomical figure must surely have made many a Midwestern farmer wince in utter astonishment.

It would be interesting to know the actual figure.

DON STRAUB

Susanville, Calif.

▶ A less astronomical 44.9.—Ed.

Whither the Catholic Intellectual?

Sir:

Your reader's letter [March 2] "No Einsteins, but also no Rosenbergs" obviously carries the inference that "half of them may be Einsteins, but the other half are Rosenbergs." By the same logic, "No George Washingtons, but no Benedict Arnolds"; "No Winston Churchills, but no Roger Casements."

AARON ELMORE

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

Surely a Jew such as I—who can raise her head with pride at the mention of names such as Salk, Einstein, Oppenheimer—can certainly bear the shame of the Rosenbergs.

SHEILA E. SEIDMON

Chicago

Faith Abstracted

Sir:

I am encouraged to see abstract art go religious via William Congdon [March 2]. A religious theme gives it purpose, and art can still illuminate religion, as it has done so worthily in the past.

MRS. J. R. GILLIS

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir:

The photograph of Congdon's *Crucifix No. 2* seems to show that the hard-won visual knowledge leading up to the faithless clichés of abstract expressionism has also served him well—although perhaps it is unfair to judge on so little.

ROSLYN AND GLENN ROBLES

Paris

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Or does it make a busload of sense?



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AUER PRESENTS COVER PAINTING TO MATSUSHITA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TIME's Publisher Bernhard Auer was in India last week. It was something of an old home week, for Auer as an Army counterintelligence officer lived for two years during World War II in Delhi's Cecil Hotel, which he was saddened to learn has now been turned into a boys' school. Back on familiar ground, he looked up old friends, poked nostalgically about in Delhi's teeming streets and alleys, took his wife to Agra to see that uxorious monument, the Taj Mahal. Publisher Auer is on a round-the-world trip, and so far, he reports, he has found his way paved in TIME covers.

In Honolulu he called on Governor William Quinn, a former TIME cover subject, was briefed on attempts to make the islands' economy more self-sufficient and was surprised to learn that Hawaii is one American state that is thinking of a land-reform program.

Arriving in Japan, Auer called on two recent cover subjects, Ambassador Edwin Reischauer and Industrialist Konoike Matsushita. Now experiencing what other cover subject, gone through, Matsushita joked that "for the next month I'll set aside five minutes a day to sign TIME covers." Auer visited Matsushita's new TV factory in Osaka, gave him the original cover painting, Matsushita, bowing appreciatively, wondered whether the portrait made him look younger or older than he really is. Auer decided the moment called for Occidental inscrutability.

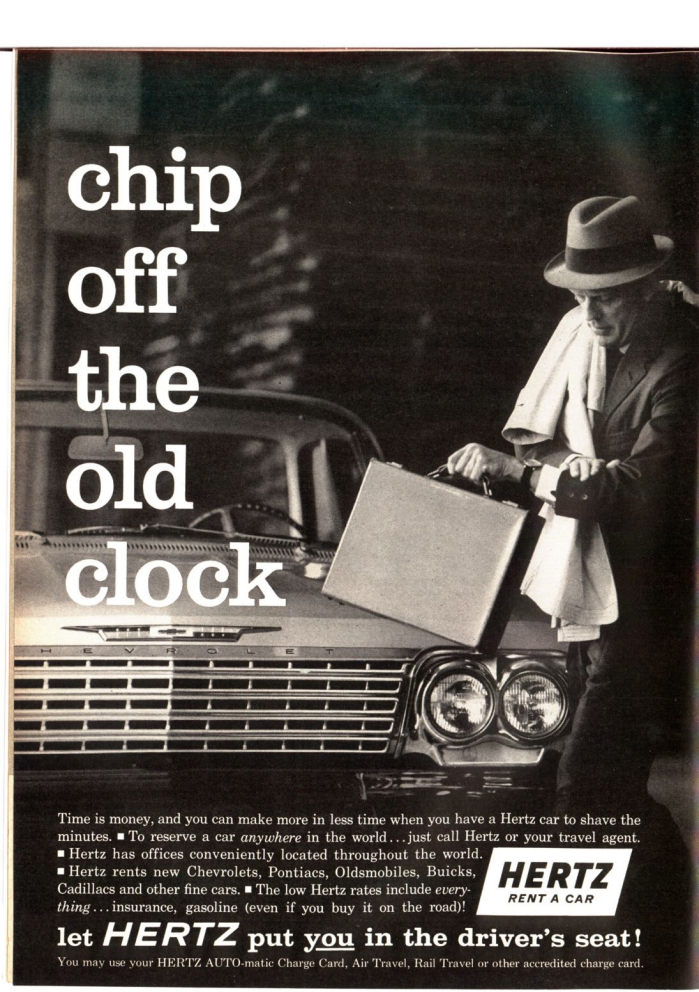
Japan's prosperity and its emphasis

on quality production pleased Auer, but he was troubled by Japan's lack of political concern about the rest of the world, even about such Asian crises as Laos and Viet Nam. In Formosa, Auer found most government officials still talking of the return to the mainland, but businessmen less so, touring rural areas to study Formosa's land reform. Auer thought "a good job had been done raising living standards, although they may be false standards to the extent that they rely heavily on massive U.S. aid." He also called on those familiar TIME cover faces, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. He found the generalissimo fit, energetic and gracious, and eager to hear about the fluctuations of U.N. sentiment on Red China.

Everywhere he went—seeing the tourist sights or the less glamorous slums of Hong Kong; seeing the self-sufficient and happy country of Thailand, where he was startled by modest canal-side Bangkok houses; calling on editors, businessmen and civil servants in India—Auer was impressed by how well our correspondents know their areas, "how quickly they can get you in to see someone—and their knowledge of all the good restaurants in Asia." And he took proprietary pleasure in finding TIME on the newsstands everywhere in Asia, even at tiny and badly lit newsstands on the back streets of Hong Kong. Says Auer happily: "A TIME cover glitters very nicely in the glow of a kerosene lamp."

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A black and white photograph of a man in a fedora and trench coat standing next to a classic Chevrolet car. He is holding a briefcase and looking down at it. The car's front grille and headlights are visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

chip off the old clock

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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

In Command

The state of the nation is often reflected by the mood of its President—and John Kennedy has never seemed in jauntier spirits or more in command of his job.

Visitors in the President's oval office can only be impressed by his appearance.



KENNEDY SEEING JACKIE OFF
Also, a bit of politicking.

His color is high, his face almost unlined, his figure trim, his nervous energy controlled. He stays on the go from early morning to early morning, sees an incredible number of people and performs an incredible number of tasks. He listens to his advisers, makes his decisions and sticks by them. Most of all he has learned that the nation's problems cannot be considered in absolute terms; that a part-success is better than nothing, that failure is rarely cataclysmic.

The President talks long and candidly about U.S. problems at home and abroad; he knows that they are there, and he knows that they are not going to disappear overnight. He is optimistic about

the U.S. economy in 1962, but disturbed about its longer-term future (*see following story*). He is perhaps too sanguine about the legislative prospects for his programs; he seems confident that his proposals for foreign trade, medical care for the aged, agriculture and tax revision will pass Congress without substantial change. As long ago as October, he would have essentially decided that the U.S. would have to resume testing its arsenal of nuclear weapons in the atmosphere; despite considerable disputation among his advisers, he never really wavered from that decision.

He concedes that the situation in Southeast Asia is precarious in the extreme, but is calmly committed to protecting the freedom of South Viet Nam, and is pouring money and manpower into that nation. He is worried about Berlin, but realizes that the troublemaking initiative there is held by the Communists, and he is determined that the West must maintain its basic rights. He is unwilling to go to the Summit just for propaganda purposes or to size up Nikita Khrushchev ("He was pretty well cased at Vienna"); but he is willing to talk to Khrushchev if the cold war seems on the brink of nuclear conflict or if there seems a substantive chance for progress in easing some basic issues.

At the end of last week—it had been busy as usual—President Kennedy went to National Airport to bid a fond farewell to his wife, off on her trip to India. He intently watched as the plane began to move; when he saw Jackie wave from the window, he broke into a grin. As for himself, he was about to take off for Florida and a weekend rest—and also for a bit of politicking, which to him is both recreation and lifeblood, and one of the reasons he is able to stay on top of his job and feel jaunty.

THE ECONOMY

1962 & Beyond

President Kennedy was bullish about the U.S. economy in 1962. "I think," he said at his press conference last week, "that this economy has more vitality in it than some of its premature mourners."

There had indeed been some mourners. They based their worries mostly on the fact that the nation had suffered some January hiccups. Although orders for durable goods were up by 1% over December

and manufacturers had increased their orders for new machinery and equipment by 8%, personal income declined by .3%, industrial production by 1%, and the average weekly hours clocked by production workers sagged from 40.4 to 40. Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges likened January to "a slight chill." Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of



Economic Advisors, conceded that January had been "particularly bumpy."

Spurts & Pauses. But both Hodges and Heller insisted that 1962 would still be a good year. Actually, said Heller, the economy is "in the midst of a very brisk recovery despite certain spurts and pauses. Some of our bumpiest recoveries have been our best." During the week, the figures for February began to come in—and they were certainly encouraging. Auto sales totaled 455,300, a 26% jump over February 1961. Normally, unemployment increases during the dead-of-winter month of February, but this time it dropped from 5.8% to 5.6% of the work force, while total employment hit an all-time February high of 65,789,000.

Economist Heller confidently predicted

that the gross national product would soar to a rate of \$550 billion by the first quarter of 1962—a jump of \$8 billion over the last quarter of 1961—and go on to reach the average for the year of \$570 billion predicted by President Kennedy in his economic message to the Congress in January.

Most economists agreed that 1962 would turn out well despite its stuttering start; but many were worried about the longer-term prospects. The nonprofit National Planning Association estimated that the gross national product would grow at an annual rate of about 4.2% during the '60s, reach about \$800 billion by 1970. But even this, said the association, would fall \$150 billion short of the standards set by the Commission on National Goals during the Eisenhower Administration. Speaking in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Albert T. Sommers, director of economic research for the National Industrial Conference Board, said that 1962 looks "like

THE CONGRESS

Uncle Carl Gets Mad

Carl Vinson, 78, of Milledgeville, Ga., has spent 45 years influencing military legislation in the House of Representatives, where he is known fondly as "Uncle Carl," "The Admiral" and "The Swamp Fox." Since World War II, Chairman Vinson of the Armed Services Committee has been doing a slow burn while Pentagon leaders under Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy refused to use money voted by Congress for specific projects. Examples: construction of a Navy supercarrier in 1949; ordering additional Air Force B-52s in 1961. Last week Uncle Carl finally lost his temper over the issue of how much control Congress should have over the executive branch in determining policy. "It is eminently clear," he wrote in a stinging committee report, "that the role of the Congress in determining national policy,

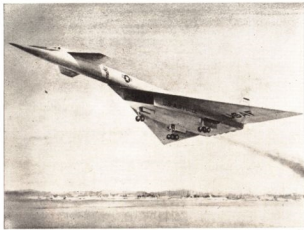
that McNamara would spend the extra \$491 million on the RS-70, Vinson's committee set a precedent: it urged that the Administration be "directed, ordered, mandated and required" by Congress to build the bomber.

Constitutional Case. "More and more," said Vinson's report, "the role of Congress has come to be that of a sometimes querulous but essentially kindly uncle who complains while furiously puffing on his pipe but who, finally, as everyone expects, gives in and hands over the allowance, grants the permission or raises his hand in blessing, and then returns to his rocking chair for another year of somnolence."

The report acknowledged that the President is the Commander in Chief, but then went on to note that Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution empowers the Congress "to raise and support" military forces. Stated the report: "Might we not liken the function of the President to that of a general who has complete command



McNAMARA



ARTIST'S SKETCH OF RS-70
Plenty of sound—all on the ground.



VINSON

a year of moderate growth in an admittedly competitive environment." He suggested a probable leveling-out of the economy as a whole: "Both boom and recession, it seems to me, are now less likely to occur, and when they occur, they are likely to be less pronounced."

Questions & Problems. If recessions were minimized, that would be all to the good. But less pronounced booms? Was that the prospect for America? Economists were well aware that stepped-up federal spending last year did not cause a dramatic revival of the economy. What would help?

The U.S. faced ever greater competition from a prosperous Europe united in a Common Market. At home, there was the threat of dollar-sapping inflation unless the new labor contracts, led by steel, could be written on a sensible basis. Must the next upsurge for the economy wait until the "war babies" get married around 1965? These were the questions and problems posed to economists and to the Administration.

defense or otherwise, has deteriorated over the years."

At issue was the Air Force's RS-70 reconnaissance-superbomber, formerly known as the B-70. The RS-70 was designed to fly at three times the speed of sound—and has yet to get off the ground. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara wants to spend the comparatively modest sum of \$180 million next fiscal year (beginning July 1) to develop three prototypes of the bomber. McNamara reasons that missiles like the Minuteman are the weapons of the future, not manned bombers. But General Curtis LeMay, the Air Force's tough Chief of Staff and an old bomber pilot, made a strong plea to Vinson's committee for rapid development of the full RS-70 weapons system.

Vinson sided with LeMay against McNamara. His Armed Services Committee, which he dominates as chairman like a benevolent first sergeant, proposed spending an additional \$491 million on the RS-70 in fiscal 1963. But far more important was the form of the proposal. To make sure

over his forces but who cannot dictate the precise weapons with which his forces will be armed? The decision as to the kind of rifle, the type of tank, and the configuration of the airplane has already been decided by other authority and the material furnished him for his use.

"Perhaps this is the time, and the RS-70 the occasion, to reverse this trend. The committee submits that it, after hearing full and free discussion of a military matter, is itself reasonably competent to form a judgment which warrants consideration. When this is backed by the vote of the whole Congress, it is a mandate. If this constitutes a test as to whether Congress has the power to so mandate, let the test be made."

Parochial Danger. At his press conference last week, President Kennedy opposed the Vinson report. He pointed out the enormous expense of the superbomber program. "It was proposed by the Air Force that they would have 140 B-70s, which would cost \$10 billion, which would be ready by 1970 or 1971," Kennedy

argued that it was senseless for Congress to vote excessive funds for the plane before the prototype was tested. "But in the final analysis," said the President, "this is a matter on which I have relied very heavily on Secretary McNamara, in whom I have the greatest confidence."

In the past Carl Vinson also has had great faith in McNamara, but there was evidence last week besides the RS-70 squabble that he might be having some second thoughts. In a speech to the Reserve Officers Association, Vinson warned against the trend of consolidation that McNamara had set in motion in the Pentagon. Said Vinson: "The three military departments, with their department secretaries and their separate services, assure us of collective wisdom. They protect us against the adoption of a one-sided defense concept, which might well be based on a then-prevailing parochial attitude."

Table Talk. With this kind of trouble coming up, Bob McNamara quietly set about mending his fences on Capitol Hill. He made plans to appear before Congress again to restate his position on the RS-70s. He conferred with Chairman Clarence Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee. He even met privately and peaceably with Carl Vinson to talk over their impasse.

It is far from certain that the House and the Senate will go along with Vinson's attempt to direct the Administration to build the RS-70s; it is even less certain that the President, under the Constitution, would be required to obey. But Carl Vinson is too powerful, and too good a friend of the military and the Administration, to offend with impunity.

"We don't want to run the Department of Defense," Vinson said last week. "We just want to sit at the table and get across an idea once in a while." And that doesn't mean sitting in a rocking chair.

Full House

The House of Representatives was all set to grow; before it last week was a bill to increase its permanent membership from 435 to 438. Strongly backed by Speaker John McCormack, the measure would have saved for Pennsylvania, Missouri, and McCormack's own Massachusetts one seat each that would otherwise be taken from them as a result of the 1960 census. On the eve of the vote, a poll showed that some 300 House members were ready to go along with the plan. But then, on the day of decision, the House came tumbling down.

What messed things up was an amendment offered by Pennsylvania Democrat Francis E. ("Tad") Walter. It would have scrapped a redistricting plan already painfully worked out in Pennsylvania, forcing the state to start again from scratch—or run all its Congressmen at large. After hot dispute, the amendment was adopted. Speaker McCormack, complaining that he did not like the Walter amendment, washed his hands of the whole thing. Then, by a routing voice vote, the House sent the bill back to committee. One re-

sult of the action: John McCormack, who represents a heavily Democratic district in Boston, may have to run at large in Massachusetts, which has been unable to agree on a reapportionment plan.

THE ADMINISTRATION Telling the World

In Southeast Asia, ferryboat operators accept dog-eared copies of a magazine called *Free World* in lieu of money. In Laos, wandering minstrels roam through villages to sing the sad story of how the Communists would ruin the country if they took over. In the new African nations of Somalia and Togo, legislators are lining up for English classes. Around the world, 2,700 newspapers in 86 countries with a total circulation of 100 million are carrying a comic strip named *Visit to America*, which relates the adventures of



USIA CARTOON HISTORY IN PANAMA
The good news along with the bad.

a young Asian journeying about the U.S. The magazine, the minstrels, the English classes and the comic strips are all part of the complex and far-flung activities of the United States Information Agency. An independent organization, the USIA publishes 72 magazines and 20 newspapers, produces hundreds of movies and TV shows, operates 176 libraries in 80 countries. Best-known unit of the USIA is the Voice of America, which has 32 radio transmitters in the U.S. and another 55 abroad, beams programs in 37 languages from Arabic to Urdu. Gaging the Voice with 2,500 jamming stations annually costs the Communists more than the entire USIA will spend this fiscal year—\$111,500,000.

With Candor. When President Kennedy made his nuclear testing announcement a fortnight ago, the USIA played a major role in the Administration's campaign to head off foreign criticism by explaining

the reasons for the decision. The Voice of America beamed the speech live over its entire network, followed up with two rebroadcasts and a series of explanatory newscasts. Films and video tapes of the speech were flown to 101 nations. Last week USIA posts abroad were analyzing foreign reaction to Kennedy's speech and reporting it milder than even the bland and brief censure directed against the Soviet Union for breaking the test ban moratorium last year.

In the past, the USIA has tried to peddle so many points about the U.S. that the result was often confusion. But last year the agency decided to concentrate on a few main themes. Among them: the U.S. will not abandon West Berlin; the U.S. wants a workable nuclear test ban; an effective U.N. is indispensable to the security of small nations.

To build up its credibility with its worldwide audience, the Voice reports the bad news along with the good, does its best to show how the U.S. is moving to improve itself. "Prejudice exists in the U.S.," one broadcast said candidly, then went on to outline the nation's progress in winning civil rights for Negroes. When Astronaut John Glenn went aloft last month, his entire flight was broadcast live in English on the VOA network by announcers who were fully prepared to keep right on reporting the news if disaster struck.

Dodging the Knives. The man at the head of the USIA is Edward Roscoe Murrow, 53, who left a \$200,000-a-year job with CBS a year ago to tell the world about democracy for a salary of \$21,000. Murrow is the first USIA director to sit in regularly on top meetings of the Kennedy Administration; he attends the sessions of the National Security Council and the three-weekly staff meetings held by Secretary of State Dean Rusk. "I have no illusions about being Secretary of State," says Murrow. "I just want a chance to be heard in the area where we have to operate." Murrow has shaken up the bureaucracy of the agency, recruited a flock of bright young men as his assistants, beefed up coverage in Africa and Latin America. Attracted by Murrow's reforms, job applicants are running 50% ahead of the period before he took over.

This week Murrow and his top aides will trek up to Capitol Hill and argue that the agency's budget should be increased by 12% to \$125 million for the fiscal year beginning July. Murrow wants to step up the Voice's current programming of 730 hours a week around the world to compete with Russia's 1,067. He wants to distribute more cheap editions of U.S. books abroad. He wants to send more labor advisers and students overseas. ("The best kind of communication," intones Murrow, "is still face to face.") In the past, Congress has slashed proposed USIA budgets, and this year the long knives are out again. Murrow's biggest selling job may have to be done right at home on Capitol Hill.

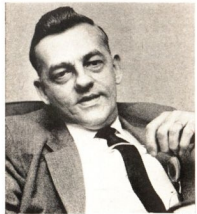
REPUBLICANS Parts of the Whole

In a score of states, the filing deadline is past or near at hand. In others, the candidates are lining up, the pushing and pulling, the slatmaking are under way. Throughout the U.S., the central question about the off-year elections of 1962 is: How deeply can the Republican Party cut into Democratic majorities in Congress, the statehouses and the city halls? The present answer: the farther from Washington, the better things look.

In Washington, many Republicans are glum. They read popularity polls and see both John Kennedy and the Democratic Party riding high. They feel themselves inundated by the floodtide of publicity about the President, his family and his Administration. "We're being brainwashed with Administration propaganda," says one Capitol Hill Republican. They worry about the ideological differences between the party's middle-rollers and right-wingers. They are distressed by the image of their congressional floor leaders, Senator Everett Dirksen and Representative Charles Halleck, who appear on TV in what is known as "the Ev and Charlie show." Says a G.O.P. Congressman: "There's Dirksen with his fuzzy hair and Halleck with his big red nose."

Most of all, Washington's Republicans are troubled by their difficulty in presenting to the rest of the nation a party message. They point to their record of responsible support for Administration foreign policy. They are pleased by the backfire of the Administration's crass political attempt to tag them as anti-city and anti-Negro in the move to establish a Department of Urban Affairs. They note that the House recently passed a Republican version of a manpower retraining bill that even Democrats conceded was far superior to the Administration bill. They strongly sense a national conservative trend—but they argue about how to take advantage of it. They fear—with reason—that the G.O.P., as a party is not projecting itself to the U.S. as a positive force.

The Brighter View. But the view from Washington is often distorted—and out where the votes are, Republican prospects



MINNESOTA'S FORSYTHE
For apathy, automation.

seem far from hopeless. Particularly in non-presidential election years, local personalities, issues and organization often play a more important role than national images. Moreover, the G.O.P. has been gaining since 1960. Even then, while Kennedy was winning the White House, Republicans picked up 21 House seats, two in the Senate and 290 places in state legislatures. Since then, Republicans have run strongly in elections in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Texas and Louisiana, suffering an unexpected setback only in New Jersey's gubernatorial contest. In November 1962, it is mathematically impossible for the G.O.P. to win control of the Senate; even if the party held all 16 G.O.P. seats at stake and took the 21 Democratic ones, the Republicans would still not have a majority. It is unlikely that the G.O.P. will pick up from Democratic incumbents the 44 seats necessary to gain control of the House. But substantive gains are a strong possibility; just top Democratic strategists say they will be satisfied if their



COLORADO'S TOOL
For age, youth.

party merely holds its own. And Republicans have high hopes of unseating several Democratic Governors.

One reason for the improving G.O.P. outlook is that in several states, young, tough Republicans, unable to look to Washington for leadership, have taken charge:

► In Colorado, energetic Jean K. Tool, 42, led a revolt two years ago to become state chairman, has lifted a dispirited state organization into one that threatens Democratic Governor Stephen McNichols and Democratic Senator John Carroll. He replaced 40% of the county chairmen, has reduced the average age of district captains from the 70s to the 40s, has armed them with detailed manuals on how to win elections.

► In Oregon, Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, 39, has squelched intraparty feuding, has drawn able young men into party leadership, has demonstrated his belief that labor and academic groups can be lured to the G.O.P. by vigorously courting both.

► In Minnesota, Robert Forsythe, 40, returned from his job as an Assistant Sec-



OHIO'S BLISS
For cities, organization.

retary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration to become fulltime state G.O.P. chairman, has put voting breakdowns and party membership lists on IBM cards. In one precinct-leader training conference he enlisted 150 new captains.

Across the U.S., big-city G.O.P. leaders have been stirred by the "Bliss Report," a detailed analysis written by Ohio State Chairman Ray C. Bliss of the party's failure to win elections because of poor precinct-by-precinct organization in the cities. He pointed out that Richard Nixon lost in 1960 because Republicans produced majorities in only 14 of the 41 largest cities; that these cities contain 28% of the U.S. population, and that in nearly half the states such metropolitan areas determine the outcome of statewide elections.

Stronger in the Stronghold. It is in its traditional Midwest stronghold that the Republican Party has its best chance for 1962 gains. For one thing, Midwest Republicans no longer carry the burden of Ezra Taft Benson's farm program; now it is Democrats who must carry the cross of Secretary Orville Freeman's plans:

► In Nebraska, Fred Seaton, Secretary of the Interior under Eisenhower, is favored to unseat Democratic Governor Frank Morrison.

► In Ohio, State Auditor James Rhodes has a long vote-pulling record to throw against Democratic Governor Mike Di Salle, heavily plagued by tax problems. ► Rambler Maker George Romney is a fresh face to challenge Democratic Governor John Swainson in Michigan.

► In Wisconsin, where Democratic Governor Gaylord Nelson is challenging Veteran G.O.P. Senator Alexander Wiley, Republicans hope to fill the gubernatorial void.

► In normally Republican North Dakota, Democratic Governor William Guy's position is shaky.

In the West, where Nixon won 10 of 13 states in 1960, the party is still generally healthy, despite spotty problems: ► In Idaho, a strong Republican organization under Governor Robert Smylie is working, not only to hold the governorship, but to knock Democrat Frank

Church out of the Senate. Church has been unable to bring Idaho any new starts on reclamation projects in the past two years. (The state has had at least one start every year since 1926.)

► Alaska's Democratic Governor William Egan is vulnerable, since he has been caught in a sectional crossfire over moving the state capital from Juneau to the Anchorage area.

► In California, Republicans have no effective state organization, take their ideological differences seriously, and tend to feud like Democrats. Last week Dick Nixon was censured by Los Angeles Young Republicans for his demand that Republicans resign from the ultraconservative John Birch Society. In trying to defeat Democratic Governor Pat Brown, Nixon must build his own organization, win votes from thousands of registered Democrats. But, like Incumbent Republican Senator Tom Kuchel, he is given a better-than-even chance.

Adding It Up. In New England, Republicans should hold their own in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine;

► Connecticut Democrats are bringing Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Abraham Ribicoff back to run for the Senate against Incumbent Republican Prescott Bush. They hope that Ribicoff can carry with him Democratic Governor John Dempsey (four of the state's top Republicans are fighting for the right to run against Dempsey).

► In Pennsylvania, Republicans have united behind a formidable gubernatorial candidate, Representative William Scranton, 44, to run against Philadelphia's Democratic ex-Mayor Richardson Dilworth, who is warring with Representative William Green, boss of the Philadelphia Democratic organization.

► In New York, Republicans for the first time since 1955 hold more mayoralty posts than Democrats do, control 50 of 57 county boards, decisively dominate the state legislature. Despite his marital problems, Governor Nelson Rockefeller seems likely to beat any opponent, including New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner.

Thus, in Election Year 1962, the sum of the Republican parts appears better than the whole, at least as viewed from outside Washington. To be sure, the party has so far failed to codify its case against the Democratic Administration. It has not yet been able to articulate its own national program. But state by state and district by district, its arithmetic adds up.

NEVADA

"Call Me Mary"

She was living through a painful period, and her silence made it clear that she valued privacy over pleasure. For a month she remained in seclusion. Then, as the six weeks' residency necessary for her divorce neared its end, Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller began stepping out a bit. For the first time, Nevadans had a chance to see her—and they liked what little they saw.

In the protective company of Duke

Ranch Owner Harry Drackert and his wife, Mrs. Rockefeller turned up at Harrah's Club on Lake Tahoe's South Shore, at Squaw Valley and in Eugene's, one of Reno's top restaurants. She is rarely recognized; at Harrah's she spent 30 minutes with the one-armed bandits before anyone took notice of her.

Down Home. When she arrived in Nevada, Drackert pronounced her "tired and upset," and slammed shut the doors to his ranch, even to new paying guests. Mrs. Rockefeller left the grounds only for horseback rides, long, solitary hikes, and daily walks to the Verdi post office a mile away. The few Nevadans who did meet her were impressed by her easy manner. "Call me Mary," she said, hinting that she dislikes being called "Mrs. Rockefeller" or, worse, "Mrs. R."

She still works hard to avoid any attention. When a friend mentioned that local reporters often asked what sort of a person she is, Mary said: "Just tell them I'm



MRS. ROCKEFELLER NEAR RENO (WITH SISTER, MRS. PHILIP WALLIS)
A friendly pace, an easy manner.

a homely old lady." Her new acquaintances are so protective of her privacy that they go out of their way to scold inquiring reporters, and most of Reno's press has lost its taste for asking questions about her.

Her one daily ritual is the ride, and Nevada friends say that she is a "fantastic" horseback rider despite her English saddle. She is also "trail boss." "If it's snowing and she wants to ride, you ride," a friend says. She resents help with her mount, and when the ride is over each day, she rubs down her own horse.

Family Style. With studied informality, the Donner Trail Ranch manages to be both the fanciest and the folksiest in the Reno area. The friends and relatives who have taken turns keeping Mary company join her for dinner served family style, with everyone seated around a big table to eat hearty, ranch-hand's food. All is claspboard-clean and comfortable, and the easy, friendly pace has had its benign effect on Mary. Friends say that she looks wonderful.

The six-week stay will end this Thursday. Mary Rockefeller will then be eligible for her divorce in any Nevada court; her lawyer refuses to say when or where it will be. If all goes according to the well-rehearsed schedule of Nevada divorces, her marriage of 31 years will be ended with simple answers to half a dozen questions. It shouldn't take ten minutes.

INVESTIGATIONS

Return of the Native

Everyone was most cordial. Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman Richard Russell set the tone for the session: "I understand from Senator Byrd that you are a Virginia boy." U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers, making his first public appearance since his release from captivity in the Soviet Union, smiled back. Then, in a soft drawl, he told his story. Committee members asked a few gentle questions, and sent him on his way

with their paternal blessings. It was all over in 90 minutes.

The way had been paved for Powers by Central Intelligence Agency Director John McCone in two days of closed-door testimony. McCone assured the committee that Powers had lived up to his \$30,000-a-year CIA contract. During and after his Moscow trial, Powers had been criticized in the U.S. for admitting too much. But McCone provided the committee with a memorandum explaining that U-2 pilots had been instructed, in case of misadventure, to "surrender without resistance," "adopt a cooperative attitude," and to feel "perfectly free to tell the full truth" about the nature of their missions and their employment by the CIA—withholding only some of the specifications of the U-2 itself.²

Powers himself could add little to what

² U.S. servicemen are under much tougher restrictions. The code of conduct for armed forces personnel requires that if captured they give nothing more than their name, rank, service number and date of birth.



STRIPPER UNDER SPOTLIGHTS IN TIJUANA
Tease, titillation and tea-leaf whisky.

TED LAG

was already known about his flight and capture. He could remember "feeling, hearing, and just sensing an explosion." When he looked up, everything he saw "was orange." Said he: "I had never seen anything like this before, and I am sure there was an explosion. I feel that the explosion was external to the aircraft and behind me, but I don't really know." After a desperate struggle, Powers managed to bail out of his U-2. His treatment by his Russian captors, he said, had been "much better than I expected." He won applause from the spectators in the packed Senate caucus room when he said: "There was one thing that I always remembered while I was there, and that was that I am an American."

Powers left the hearing room exonerated by the committee of any misconduct. Back home in Pound, Va., townspeople were planning a welcoming ceremony to be held after Powers' release from Georgetown University Hospital, where he was sent for a physical examination. Having passed all his other tests, Powers was free to remain in the CIA if he wished, free to collect some \$50,000 in back pay. Asked how he would spend it, Powers replied: "Slowly." Then he disappeared into a waiting Government car—leaving behind him a persistent feeling that some of his story remained untold.

ARMED FORCES

Where the Boys Go

Every weekend at the big U.S. naval base in San Diego, the cry goes up: "Let's go down below," or "Let's bug out to T.J." Soon battalions of fuzzy-faced young servicemen are headed across the Mexican border, where the horses run more often, the booze flows freer, and the ladies take off their clothes at the slightest pretext. Since World War II, when the

Government cleaned most of them out as a protection to servicemen, U.S. sin centers have been relatively tame. But vice has prospered in the Mexican border towns, and today it is flourishing as never before. Of the estimated \$700 million that visitors spent last year in making tourism Mexico's top industry, all but a couple of million was expended in such sleazy border towns as Mexicali, Matamoros, Ciudad Juárez and—liveliest of them all—Tijuana.

For almost two miles on both sides of Avenida Revolución, Tijuana's main drag, bright yellow, white, red, blue and green neon signs festoon the dirty façades of grubby joints. In front of each stands a swarthy doorman, generally wearing baggy dark pants and a soiled red coat with heavily padded shoulders. To passing wolf packs of multi-clad U.S. marines and sailors, he calls in an inviting voice: "Hey, Meester! Want to see nice French movies? Nice exhibition? You want nice girls?"

"Take It Off" The "good time" joints feature underlighted interiors, watered rum, tequila, gin and vodka of local manufacture, adulterated whisky, and tiny bottles of beer that cost 50¢ apiece. Each place is liberally supplied with a dozen or more importuning B-girls; some are as young as 15, others are tired strumpets of 45. They sprawl at tables with pink-cheeked American youths who look as if they might be leaders of 4-H clubs back home. Cadging dollar drinks of "whisky" (tea served in a whisky glass), they fondle and proposition their escorts and watch the floor show with bored, vacant stares.

Invariably, the "show" lives up to the doorman's guarantee. A girl enters to the tune of an unlikely song such as *Sweet Georgia Brown*, clanked out by an instrumental trio. Slowly she sheds a shoddy

evening gown while the audience yells, "Take it off. Baby, take it off!" When she has stripped down to pure buff, she bumps and grinds for a few minutes, then glides around the circle of ringside tables, stopping whenever a clean-cut, brush-topped young man reaches out to touch-test her salient features.

"We Try to Ignore It." This display, duplicated every night in a hundred or more nightspots in town, makes Gomorrah look like Racine, Wis., by comparison. Hundreds of thousands of Americans never venture farther south than Tijuana; they spend more than \$120 million in this city alone, giving its citizens a per capita income of \$900 a year (v. \$280 for the rest of Mexico). Not all of it falls into the nightclub. The 400 curio shops there actually rake in more dollars than the dives, but it is not the curios that draw the tourists. Explains one Tijuana businessman: "Americans come here for a good time. They spend their money in Tijuana, and we could not live without them, so we don't resent them. The vice here is awful. We try to ignore it. San Diego County deplores it. But there would be no vice here if it were not for the American customers."

ORGANIZATIONS

Convincing the Convinced

First the State Department refused Katanga's President Moise Tshombe a U.S. visa. Then ex-Major General Edwin A. Walker, now a Democratic candidate for Governor of Texas, was dis-invited at the demand of Republican Senators Barry Goldwater and John Tower. Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd said he would not come if Walker could not. Columnist David Lawrence wrote that he "doesn't participate in rallies of this kind." Ex-President Herbert Hoover de-



BURTON BENNETT

CONSERVATIVES' GARDEN RALLY
Cheers from the youthful Right.

clined to interrupt a fishing trip to Key Largo. Film Cowboy John Wayne stayed back at the ranch in Hollywood. Young Americans for Freedom had invited them all, but went ahead anyway—and last week packed Manhattan's Madison Square Garden with a crowd of 18,000 at \$1 to \$25 apiece, who cheered through four hours and 32 speeches at a conservative rally for "World Liberation from Communism."

Recipe for Victory. Y.A.F. was founded 10 months ago in Sharon, Conn. Last year the organization's rally packed the 3,200-seat Manhattan Center and turned several thousand away. Planning for the 1962 encore began seven months ago, and paid off: busloads of well-scrubbed, well-dressed young conservatives poured in from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and New York State—and Y.A.F. grossed \$80,000, the net to be used to help finance Y.A.F. for another year's missionary work.

It was just like a political convention. There were flags in the rafters and a theme song for each speaker. Balloons floated on high, and spotlights picked out the celebrities. Several speakers needed President Kennedy for waiting so long to announce resumption of U.S. nuclear testing; a spectator's cry of "Down with Kennedy!" drew lusty echoes.* L. Brent Bozell—Yale classmate '50 and brother-in-law of conservative *National Review* Editor William F. Buckley Jr., intellectual paladin of the Right—listed demands for the U.S. to launch a policy of victory over Communism, and each proposal brought an approving roar from the crowd. Let these orders be issued, said Bozell:

"To the Joint Chiefs of Staff: Make the necessary preparations for a landing in Havana."

"To our commander in Berlin: Tear down the Wall."

"To our chief of mission in the Congo: Change sides."

"To the chief of CIA: You are under instructions to encourage liberation movements in every nation of the world under Communist domination—including the Soviet Union itself."

Live Hero. Other speakers had diverse conservative messages. Said New York University's Economist Ludwig Von Mises, 80: "Until a few years ago, I thought freedom was dead on the American campus; now I see that you young men will make us free." Said Indianapolis *News* Editor M. Stanton Evans, 27: "I say the twist was originated in Washington by the Kennedy Administration—a lot of frantic motion with no visible progress." South Carolina's Senator J. Strom Thurmond, 59, combined an attack on the Administration for invoking executive privilege during the continuing Senate investigation of military censorship ("This

is nothing more than the executive Fifth Amendment") with a pessimistic appraisal of the cold war ("The evil forces of Communism have continued to move forward as a tide").

Patrick Henry got quite a run; both Indiana's Representative Donald C. Bruce and Texan John Tower perorated sternly. "Give me liberty or give me death!" But the live hero of the night was Barry Goldwater,* who got a five-minute standing ovation complete with waving banners (FOR THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM—GOLDWATER IN '64) and two rousing choruses of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Cried Goldwater: "Conservatism is the wave of the future. It has come of age at a time of need. It has come to life after 30 years of apathy."

What would give any politician pause was the fact that a substantial majority of the conservatives in the Garden were under 30.

DISASTERS

The Raging Seas

It started peacefully with a scenic late winter snowfall. Maryland got up to 24 in., northern Virginia 22, Pennsylvania 19. But then a rare combination of three pressure areas formed a funnel down which winds spilled off the turbulent Atlantic Ocean at ever-increasing speed to strike the U.S. East Coast. Reinforcing the high tides of the new moon, 84-m.p.h. gusts generated waves 25 ft. high. For two days the water rolled over coastal barriers from Connecticut to North Carolina. When it receded, damage was estimated at \$300 million.

Taken Over. On Long Island's south shore, protective sand dunes crumbled. Into the raging Atlantic waters went summer houses at Westhampton Beach, some valued at \$500,000, and more modest shacks on Fire Island's dunes. Water swirled over car tops at Coney Island. Nearly one-third of the total damage occurred in New Jersey. Atlantic City's exposed Steel Pier was partially swept away, stranding the former "Miss America" ballroom. Hundreds of homes were ruined on Long Beach Island, which was sliced into five islets by the waves. At devastated Sea Isle City, a three-story convent was taken over by the ocean just after nuns abandoned it. Some 2,000 people evacuated towns between Atlantic City and Cape May. A 35-room wing of the million-dollar Atlantic Sands Motel was shattered in Rehoboth Beach, Del., just part of that resort city's \$50 million damage. Helicopters laboriously carried 800 residents off Virginia's Chincoteague Island; some 2,000 others left when buses got through. The tides swamped resort facilities at Kitty Hawk, N.C., dumped sand into luxury hotels as far south as Miami Beach.

At least 38 people died. Near Delaware Bay, Mrs. John Waters pulled her husband's head above water while six of their eight children drowned in their submerged car. When a Coast Guard amphibious duck overturned at Beach Haven Inlet, N.J., its nine occupants linked arms in waist-deep water, but 10-ft. waves broke the chain, dragged two middle-aged couples to their deaths. Mrs. Ralph Poynton, 82, refused help as water leaped at the foundation of her Rehoboth Beach home, told rescuers: "I've got plenty of food, and there's a coal fire going in the kitchen range. I'll stay." Within hours she was dead of a heart attack.

Guilped Up. At sea, waves smashed the Liberian tanker *Gem* into two pieces off Cape Hatteras. One officer was crushed



FIRE ISLAND AFTER THE STORM
High tides, gale winds and 25-ft. waves.

trying to launch a lifeboat; 33 others were rescued—including one frightened stow-away. A Beach Haven resident saw the sea carry off not only his house but his life savings of \$30,000 hidden in it. Television's temporarily retired personality, Dave Garroway, much more fortunate, sold his Long Island house for \$39,000 one day before it was gulped up by the ocean.

Luckiest of all was Harbor Pilot Harold Kaiser. Unable to get off the liner *United States* by small boat after clearing New York Harbor in the rough seas, he sailed off to Europe on an unexpected 13-day vacation cruise.

* At a hastily called counter-rally that same night, staged by student members of Americans for Democratic Action and attended by 2,500, Kennedy was denounced for his decision to test.

* Who only trailed New York's Nelson Rockefeller 44% to 45% as a Republican presidential candidate in last week's Gallup poll. Last October Rocky led 51% to 33%.

THE WORLD

ALGERIA

The Brothers

(See Cover)

About 1,300 years ago, when in the words of the chroniclers, "blood flowed across the earth like the waves of the sea," a Joan of Arc named Daia the Prophetess rallied the Berbers of Algeria against an Arab invasion and briefly formed the scattered tribes into a nation. At the reputed age of 127, while still beautiful and still amorous, Daia died sword in hand on the field of battle.

Today, for the first time since Daia, Algeria again stands on the brink of na-

President Charles de Gaulle, and gravely threatened his regime, too. Last week the war was virtually over. At his headquarters in Tunis, Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda of the Algerian F.L.N. (*Front de Libération Nationale*) declared: "It is now possible to say that the Algerian revolution has triumphed and has attained the aims for which it fought."

Despite these words, there was little sense of triumph beneath the outward forms of jubilation. The big fact about the Algerian cease-fire is moderation—a moderation resulting from exhaustion.

The Sad Peace. Both sides had withdrawn from previously "final" positions

was really gaining advantages in the terms of what is already called the "sad peace."

Skyward Guns. In the deserted summer resort of Evian-les-Bains on the Franco-Swiss border, the last details of the sad peace were being worked out. France's De Gaulle sent a delegation headed by his trusted Algerian Affairs Minister, Louis Joxe. The F.L.N. delegation was headed by Vice Premier Belkacem Krim, a former French army noncom. As the delegates met in Evian's cream-colored Hotel du Parc, they had only to look out the window for evidence that Salan's S.A.O.⁶ was still desperately trying to sabotage peace. French security forces prowled the town, armed motorboats guarded the water approaches over Lake Geneva, army halftracks along the esplanade pointed the snouts of antiaircraft guns skyward. In Paris, the S.A.O. struck massively by exploding a booby-trapped car on a crowded suburban street. Before signing the closely detailed, 100-page peace treaty, the F.L.N. demanded a guarantee that De Gaulle's government be ready and willing to crush the S.A.O. Failing that, the F.L.N. wanted explicit permission to do the job itself.

It would not be an easy job. In Algeria, the S.A.O. was obviously ready to blow up the truce if it possibly could. The European quarters of Algiers and Oran, the two biggest cities, were solidly in S.A.O. hands. Algiers, with 800,000 people, resounded night and day to the thud of plastic bombs and the rattle of sub-machine guns; the staccato European war cry of *Al-gé-rie Fran-çaise!* was answered by the shrill Moslem incantation of "Y'u! Y'u! Y'u!" Oran, a city facing the sea but turned inward on itself like a snail, was once called "the capital of boredom." Now its 400,000 people (half European, half Moslem) were bored only with mutual slaughter. The Oran prefect was hiding at the center of a labyrinth of locked doors and guarded hallways; the entire civil administration of Algiers has fled 40 miles away to an armed camp at Rocher Noir.

Beyond the Cease-Fire. De Gaulle has not yet put the 450,000-man French army in Algeria to its severest test. Its conscripts are strongly Gaullist but its officers are tortured by the dilemma that to smash the S.A.O. will mean opening fire on brother officers who have either deserted to the S.A.O. or come from retirement to join the terrorists. De Gaulle has kept the army confined to encampments outside the cities, intending to use it as a strategic reserve at the critical moment of the signing of the cease-fire agreement.

In the final days before the cease-fire, the French and Algerians were fighting an artillery and air battle along the Tunisian border. Probable reason: the F.L.N. want-

⁶ Or, in French, O.A.S., for *Organisation de l'Armée Secrète*, not to be confused with two other O.A.S.s, the Organization of American States and the forthcoming Organization of African States.



NEGOTIATOR KRIM (LEFT) ARRIVING AT EVIAN
Moderation resulting from exhaustion.

A. S. P.

tionhood—and again the event was preceded by waves of blood.

The drive for independence began Nov. 1, 1954, All Saints' Day, when scattered bands of Algerian Moslems struck at 30 different points across the land, killing four French soldiers and two policemen. Paris casually dismissed the revolt as an outbreak of "banditry." But as farmhouses of European settlers went up in flames, troop convoys were ambushed in the deep valleys of the Aurès range, and guerrillas were trained and organized in the inaccessible crags of Kabylia, the French struck back. They blew up Moslem villages, made wholesale arrests, created empty regions known as *zones interdites*, where anything that moved was shot.

Before long, the "bandits" and the French were engaged in a full-scale war that, in 7½ years of desperate fighting, cost the lives of 20,000 French soldiers and more than 350,000 Moslems. It sparked two mutinies in the French army, destroyed the French Fourth Republic, brought to power the Fifth Republic of

—partly in fear of General Raoul Salan's fanatical Secret Army Organization and its indiscriminate terror. Specifically, the French agreed to recognize the F.L.N. as 1) speaking for Algeria's 9,000,000 Moslems; 2) having sovereign power over all Algeria, even the oil-rich Sahara; 3) an honorable foe whose 5,000 captured troops will be treated as prisoners of war, not criminals.

For its part, the F.L.N. agreed to: 1) a three-year transition period during which the French army will gradually withdraw from Algeria; 2) lease special bases to France, e.g., the naval port of Mers-el-Kebir, the Reggan nuclear test site in the Sahara; 3) accept as Algerian citizens those Europeans who make that choice.

In short, the F.L.N. has recognized that even after independence it will have to live with France. In Algeria, F.L.N. *responsables* were doing a remarkable job of keeping the mobs from violent reprisals against the *colons*. The F.L.N. even found it necessary to issue a reassuring press release pointing out that the Moslem side

ed to show that it was fighting to the last. But amid all the violence, the drift to peace continued.

After the cease-fire is signed between France and the F.L.N., temporary power goes to the French-Moslem members of a provisional Executive for Algeria which, however, will include no top members of the F.L.N. The Executive's specific tasks will be 1) to set up and command a 45,000-member (mostly Moslem) *Force Locale* that will maintain law and order, and 2) to organize the referendum by which Moslems and Europeans in Algeria will answer yes or no to the question: "Do you approve of Algerian independence and cooperation with France?" An overwhelmingly affirmative response is expected, especially since most Europeans, in sympathy with the S.A.O., will probably abstain.

The Organization. On winning the referendum, the F.L.N. will take over in Algiers. Probably never before in history has a revolutionary group been better organized or more prepared to take power. In anticipation of independence day, the F.L.N. built an embryo administration in Tunisia whose civil servants deal with everything from the issuance of passports (31 nations, including nine of the Communist bloc, already recognize the F.L.N. as sovereign in Algeria) to medical care for wounded soldiers. In Tunis, F.L.N. ministries are bursting with stenographers, clerks, sub-secretaries, military guards and—already—an amplitude of red tape. F.L.N. diplomatic representatives and propagandists cover the world.

The government maintains an efficient 35,000-man army on the Tunisian and Moroccan frontiers and 15,000 guerrilla fighters inside Algeria. Its budget of an estimated \$72 million supports a first-class radio communications system, a news agency, schools and hospitals. There is a twelve-man Cabinet, headed by Premier Benkhedda, a 54-man National Revolutionary Council, a flood of alphabetical agencies, a green-white-and-red national

flag, and a stirring national anthem called *Kassaman* (We Swear), which sounds like a cross between the Russian song *Meadowlands* and the U.S. Civil War favorite, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*. Sample lyrics:

*The cry of the homeland rises from
the fields of battle,
Hark, and answer the call.
Write it in the blood of martyrs,
Tell it to the future generations.
We have given you our hand, O Glory,
And we have sworn to die that Algeria
may live.*

*Give witness! Give witness!
Give witness!*

The Problems. Dying that Algeria may live is not enough. The tasks of peace may be harder than the sacrifices of war. To outsiders, the country's economic problems seem insoluble. Algeria is four

times the size of France, but France has three times as much cultivated land. Algeria's 10 million people are too many for its backward rural economy, and too few and unskilled for a prosperous industrialized nation. Algeria is advanced compared to other Arab countries—about 1,000,000 Moslems have something like Western standards of living. Two million more live on about the level of the masses in South America. The rest are in wretched poverty. Since 1954 the countryside has been decimated; 2,000,000 peasants have been uprooted by the French and crowded into regroupment centers, another 500,000 have fled to *bidonvilles* (shantytowns) on the outskirts of the big cities.

Unable to find work at home, 400,000 Algerian Moslems have emigrated to France and help keep their families from starvation by sending home \$25 million a year from their factory wages. An independent Algeria must find a solution to the vicious circle of capital formation that plagues all underdeveloped countries: capital is in short supply because savings are small; savings are small because wages are low; wages are low because productivity is deficient. But to increase productivity requires capital.

When the rebellion began, Moslem nationalists were convinced that Algeria was a land of untold riches that France was picking clean. To their distress, many now see that France was sitting atop a poor country, not a rich one.

Accordingly, what the Moslem peasants want is relatively modest: work instead of unemployment; schools instead of illiteracy; decent homes instead of huts built of cow dung and grass; above all, "an end to the bad old times." And if there is any clear F.L.N. policy for the future, it is in favor of these aims.

Mao Tse-tung built his revolution in China on the peasants, then crushed them. Cuba's Castro still pays lip service



F.L.N. DEMONSTRATORS IN ALGERS
The answer to "Al-gé-rie Fran-çaise" is "Yul Yul Yul!"



GRIEVING MOSLEM WOMEN IN CONSTANTINE
It is written in the blood of martyrs.



ABBAS

Mildness belonged to the past.

to a peasant ideal, but little else. Asked if they can do better, the F.L.N. leaders grimly answer that they must. F.L.N. technicians have drawn up a "breviary of errors" made in the name of land reform in other emergent countries. But knowing what not to do is no guarantee of knowing what should be done. So far, the F.L.N. has not progressed beyond such generalities as "the absorption of unemployment will take precedence over the rule of maximum profit." Pushed into a corner, F.L.N. officials say defiantly: "We demand the right to govern ourselves poorly."

Mr. Everybody. For the near future, at least, a vast share of these problems will be the burden of Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda. Many observers feel that Benkhedda may not last as Premier, may be replaced by someone with a greater popular following or a stronger gift for political intrigue. One possible candidate: suave, wily Mohammed ben Bella, the F.L.N.'s "iron man," who is scheduled to be released from five years of French imprisonment at the cease-fire, along with four other F.L.N. leaders. But for a transition period at least, Benkhedda is the man in charge.

TIME Correspondent Israel Schenker last week called on the Premier, who lives with his wife, a medically trained midwife, and their two-year-old son Salim in a small, white, two-story house in a quiet residential district of Tunis. An F.L.N. guard was at the door; inside the hall lay a child's Teddy bear. In an era of flamboyant revolutionary figures such as Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito and Indonesia's mercurial Sukarno, Benkhedda is something of a surprise. Of medium height and medium age (42), diffident in manner, ascetic in habits, with his voice emotionlessly level and his expression forever veiled by dark glasses, Benkhedda resembles his nickname of *M'sieu Tout le Monde* (Mr. Everybody). No flag-waving Moslem mob has ever ecstatically screamed his name. Benkhedda came up through the ranks of the F.L.N. as a machine-minded organizer.

He is optimistic about the eventual

downfall of the S.A.O. Its strength, he feels, comes from a small fraction of the French army that feeds it with arms, munitions and men. If De Gaulle is correct in believing that the army will obey his orders, the S.A.O. will wither away. If De Gaulle is wrong and the French army does not respect the cease-fire, then, says Benkhedda, the F.L.N. is ready to resume the struggle. Some F.L.N. leaders believe that the S.A.O. cannot be liquidated for several years and plan to organize virtually the entire Moslem population into a home guard to hold it in check.

Middle of the Ford. The F.L.N. is not a monolithic party but a popular front, including young intellectuals who have read of freedom abroad and hunger for it passionately at home, terrorists who have found a psychological outlet in violent



BENKHEDDA

A tough revolutionary for the present.

struggle, trade unionists, students studying engineering, medicine and physics in U.S., Egyptian and Russian universities. At bottom, and the rock on which the F.L.N. stands, is the mass of peasants.

The soil in which the F.L.N. grew was provided by French rule in Algeria. The great French civilizing mission brought many good things: an end to cholera, typhus and malaria, the elimination of tribal wars and devastating famines, the beginnings of industrialization. But France also took away the best lands the tribes had owned, and, as the Moslem population rocketed upward, the remaining flocks and inefficient farms could not keep pace.

The frantic determination of the *piéds-noirs** not to give up a single privilege or accept a single political gain on the part

of the Moslems frustrated every French government effort at amelioration. Perfectly reasonable laws for Moslem "partnership" that might have prevented the war went on the books in Paris, but were never applied in Algeria. A few tame Moslems, known as *beni-oui-ouis* (yes-men), were allowed to participate in the government, but elections were so frankly rigged that even in France itself, "*les élections algériennes*" was a phrase to describe stuffing the ballot box. An old Berber once complained to Ethnologist Germaine Tillion: "You've led us to the middle of the ford, and there you've left us."

The Moslems had nothing to lose in seeking a way across the ford by following Benkhedda and other F.L.N. leaders. The leaders were drawn mostly from the privileged Moslem families and felt themselves equal as men to the French, but forced into social and economic inferiority. French rule, and later the war itself, provided the unity that the Moslems had lacked so long.

On the Beach. Benkhedda's family was of Turkish origin, and both his father and grandfather were respected cadis, a sort of combined judge, solicitor and arbitrator who, under Moslem law, performs marriages, settles civil litigation and mediates property disputes. The cadis, of course, were "good friends of France" and in their home town of Blida, a street leading off the main square is named in honor of Benyousséf's grandfather.

Born in 1920, Benyousséf was considered a shy and self-contained child, and easily won a scholarship to the Blida *lycée*. He had only to look around him in school for evidence of discrimination. Though Blida was 80% Moslem, 27 of the 30 students in his class were European. One Moslem classmate was Saad Dahlab, now F.L.N. Foreign Minister and often called the "theorist of the revolution." A grade or two below was Mohammed Yazid, now F.L.N. Information Min-



BEN BELLA

Where does future strength lie?

* "Black feet," the nickname for Europeans, so called because most of their ancestors arrived in Algeria barefoot.

ister. Benkhedda pored over books on modern revolutions—French, American and Russian. He recalls wanting to cry out in protest when his history teacher duly noted that Algeria had never been independent—that when the French took it over in 1830, it was only a Turkish colony.*

Graduating from the *lycée*, Benkhedda went on to study pharmacy—as did ex-Premier Ferhat Abbas—at the University of Algiers. He read incendiary tracts by Voltaire and Rousseau about human dignity, liberty and the rights of man—a reminder that the Algerian Revolution, like most colonial independence movements, really grew out of Western ideals. Benkhedda argued the night through with friends over how the Moslem masses could be raised from misery to prosperity. But he also spent a lot of time swimming at the nearby beaches, going to the theater and movies, and confessed to a friend that "Algiers is fatal even to the most single-minded student."

In 1945, at the end of World War II, Moslems staging an independence celebration in Sétif clashed with the police and Europeans. Some 5,000 Moslems were killed, and the French began arresting everyone in sight, including Benkhedda and his fellow committee members on the Moslem Students Union. He spent six months in grim Barberousse prison—which the F.L.N. promises to raze and replace with a park in memory of the deed of the revolution.

Returning to Blida a convinced nationalist, Benkhedda wrote patriotic pamphlets and organized a group to paint the town red with slogans for Algerian independence. He vividly recalls being surprised by the police one night. He and his friends just barely managed to conceal their brushes and paint cans beneath their flowing *djellabas*. The police took it for granted that the freshly painted signs could not be the work of the supposedly illiterate and frightened Moslems who stood before them.

Into the Valley. When the F.L.N. rebellion broke out in 1954, Benkhedda was once more jailed by the police as a likely nationalist suspect. When he was freed in May 1955—without having been charged or tried—he went at once into the F.L.N. underground. Becoming one of *les frères*, the brothers, as fighting members of the F.L.N. call themselves, Benkhedda served as editor of *El Moudjahid*, the official F.L.N. organ that then appeared monthly in French and Arabic, and was a delegate to the famed 1956 conference of 250 F.L.N. leaders held in Soummam Valley

* The indigenous Berber population of what is now Algeria has been there since history began. A stockily built, brown-haired, light-eyed people, they have bitterly opposed successive conquerors—Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Arabs, Turks and French. They always lost and always for the same reason: an almost Celtic inability to unite against a common foe. When the French landed in 1830, the Arab-Berbers of Algeria were as divided as ever, and the French found willing allies among the tribes. Even so, it took 40 years of hard fighting to subdue the country.

De Gaulle's Next Tasks for France

In the four years since he came to power, Charles de Gaulle has bent the bulk of his energies toward solving the Algerian problem. Never humble, even in adversity, De Gaulle will not yield to the reasoning of his opponents "that if he succeeds in Algeria, he will no longer be necessary." Instead, the French people will be reminded of their debt to the man who might adapt Louis XIV's reputed maxim to read *La nation, c'est moi*.

Rightists call him a deceiver who sold France out to those same "ambitious agitators" with whom he swore he would never negotiate; leftists say that he negotiated too slowly and too deviously, hold him responsible for much of the S.A.O. violence in France and Algeria. But whatever the detours, only Charles de Gaulle had the stature to steer France toward a settlement without civil war. Drawing on his surge of popularity after a settlement, De Gaulle will put the terms of the Evian accord to the nation in a national referendum, probably in the spring, then will call for parliamentary elections to strengthen his hand in the National Assembly so that eventually he can push through constitutional reforms. Members of the Gaullist U.N.R. (Union for the New Republic) have asked that the referendum and the elections be held at the same time so that they can cash in on the electoral profits of the Algerian peace. But De Gaulle has demurred. With an overwhelming 85% of the voters sure to vote for the settlement, he does not want the referendum clouded by any other issue.

Except for the Communists, no faction really wanted a serious government crisis before De Gaulle either won or definitely lost his Algerian gamble. But now France is once again open to the backbiting kind of party politicking that De Gaulle despises ("How can you govern a country that has 227 different varieties of cheeses?" he once contemptuously asked).

Typically, De Gaulle will not endorse any single party in the next elections, will instead make a grand and ambiguous appeal for the election of those who support Gaullist policy and French glory. Despite De Gaulle's popularity, the Gaullist U.N.R. stands to lose many of its 207 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The *Algérie Française* wing of the party will defect, and 26 U.N.R. Deputies from Algerian constituencies will disappear with independence. The Communists may gain seats by arguing that they had been for an Algerian settlement before anyone else.



EDDY VAN DER VEEN

Since no party stands to win a clear majority, De Gaulle's prestige is still the most potent political force in France. If opposition groupings should get too strong, he can threaten to dissolve the National Assembly and take any issue to the nation. One such issue may well be his plan to revise the constitution to provide for the direct popular election of a President. (Under the present constitution, a President is elected by some 80,000 electors.) Purpose of the proposed reform is not to create a U.S.-model presidency, but to put the French presidency above the chaos of party politics. Says De Gaulle: "The President must never be the leader of a parliamentary majority."

Also in the cards is a Cabinet shuffle. Major anticipated casualty is wispish little Premier Michel Debré. Cool to NATO and (until called upon to implement De Gaulle's policy) against Algerian independence, Debré has been the lightning rod of the Gaullist regime, attracting resentment that might otherwise have been showered on De Gaulle. Into the Foreign Ministry replacing Maurice Couve de Murville will probably go Algerian Affairs Minister Louis Joux, now De Gaulle's most trusted adviser. It is on foreign policy that De Gaulle will concentrate his attention. To De Gaulle the settlement of the Algerian problem was never an end in itself, but the prerequisite for the major Gaullist objective: the restoration of France as a great power. Toward this end, De Gaulle is pressing on two fronts. He is determined to develop France's primitive nuclear capacity, to make France the dominant voice in the European Common Market. De Gaulle regards a supranational European union as an abomination, hopes instead for a confederation of European states, each with a veto over policies it does not like. Already foreign ambassadors posted to Paris have warned their governments that an Algerian settlement means a tougher, not a more tractable De Gaulle.



F.L.N. RECRUITS IN TRAINING
From mortars to land reform.

under the nose of the French army. Here Benkhedda was elected to both the F.L.N. "Parliament" and "Cabinet," and given a new assignment: control of the "military zone" of Algiers.

So far, the revolution had been largely limited to the *bled*, the countryside; the coastal cities were untouched by war. Benkhedda moved in with a top team of terrorists: his old classmate, Saad Dahlab; tough Belkacem Krim, who was three times sentenced to death *in absentia* by the French; a hard-nosed gunman named Ramdane Abbane (who has since mysteriously died); a political gangster named Yacef. One of Benkhedda's couriers was an attractive girl, Salima Haffaf, whom he later married.

After a French bomb killed 53 Moslems, Benkhedda's group began planting bombs in dance halls and cafeterias, in corner lampposts and along boulevards. A Moslem friend thinks that Benkhedda's nature was "too sensitive" for terrorism and says that he aged considerably within months. The gunman, Abbane, would try to end Benkhedda's melancholy by roaring, "You're behaving like a French left-wing intellectual!"

To deal with the terror, the French brought General Jacques Massu's paratroop division into Algiers. Benkhedda was the city's "most wanted man," and Massu kept a picture of him on his desk. Civil rights were suspended and the paras swept through the casbah like a flash fire, using any methods they thought might be effective in questioning suspects. Benkhedda's future wife was jailed; so was Yacef. The organization fell apart. "What saved me was to pass unnoticed," said Benkhedda later, alluding to his inconspicuous appearance. Carrying a briefcase and sporting a mustache, he spent most of his time in European cafés, called himself Pierre Georges. He was often hidden and helped by European sympathizers, some of them Communists. "We owe more to

these people," he told his brother, "than to thousands of Algerian militants."

Damned of the Earth. In the spring of 1957, Benkhedda fled Algiers, made his way on foot to the Tunisian frontier to report failure to the F.L.N. high command. He had failed twice; by not winning the Battle of Algiers, and by unleashing French counterterror against his own. Benkhedda was dropped from the F.L.N. Cabinet. For a year, he was in eclipse and accepted it with the cool resilience that has led the brothers to call him "*le père tranquille*" (the quiet fellow). He spent his time reading, drawing up plans for a Socialist Algeria, and talking with Dr. Frantz Fanon, a Negro psychiatrist from Martinique.

Fanon, who died last year of leukemia, wrote a passionate book called *The Damned of the Earth* that recommended destruction of all colonial settlers and even the native "intellectuals." The country should be turned over, he said, to "those who have nothing to lose, the landless peasants who provide the bulk of the fighters and for whom the struggle means only two things—land and bread."

Increasingly, this became Benkhedda's philosophy. He made the customary F.L.N. tours, once to Russia, twice to Red China (where the Communists had considerable difficulty understanding why the F.L.N. government was in Tunis and not in Algeria, where it belonged). At home, Benkhedda played the critic's role, charged the F.L.N. with drift and "incoherence." Policy, he said in 1960, was diluted—neither all-out negotiations nor all-out war.

For a time, this tough, doctrinaire stand was more than the F.L.N. wanted. But paradoxically, it helped Benkhedda to power just as the F.L.N. finally concluded that a negotiated solution must somehow be found. Reason: only a recognized tough "revolutionary" would have the prestige to carry out a relatively soft policy. In August 1961, the National Council named Benkhedda Premier, to succeed Ferhat Abbas. As a man of known revolutionary fervor, Benkhedda has been able to make concessions to the French that the milder Ferhat Abbas could never have made.

The New Men. The degree of future compromise possible with the French will largely determine the country's fate. Moslems living in *bidonvilles* or cooped up in the casbahs of Algiers and Oran want the Europeans cleared out, whatever the cost. They still live in fear that they will die in the rubble of their bombed tenements or be machine-gunned on a corner by passing S.A.O. cars. "We want to go to work in the morning with the certainty of returning at night," said one. "We want to be able to walk freely in the streets of Algiers—in all its streets." Growled another: "The *pieds-noirs* have two choices: either stop behaving as though in a conquered country, or get out."

There is hardly a Moslem family one of whose men was not killed or imprisoned in the war with the French. Despite this legacy of hate, hundreds of thousands of educated Moslems, ranging from

doctors and lawyers to small shopkeepers and mailmen, are still Western in outlook and temperament. The more sophisticated of them realize that a massive departure of the Europeans would be an economic catastrophe, since the Europeans are responsible for nine-tenths of all exports and four-fifths of all employment.

In the towns back from the Europeanized coast, a new administration is taking over with the appointment by the French of dozens of Moslem subprefects. These new men, totally different from the pre-war *beni-oui-ouis*, are mostly in their 20s, university graduates picked for their ability, and mostly nationalists—either by conviction or self-interest. They see their role as a holding operation until the F.L.N. takes over, and many obviously will stay on.

Despite the war and the hazards of daily life, many Moslems experienced relative prosperity over the past seven years. In the forced draft of revolution—and with belated French aid—Moslem society has changed more than in centuries. In many traditional pious families, the daughter of the house has changed from a flowing *haik* and face veil to blue jeans, and from the harem to the underground. These young Moslem women are not prepared to go back to a social order where it is easier for a husband to divorce a wife—and deprive her of her children—than it is for Westerners to fire a servant.

How Red? Will the new Algeria go Communist, as the S.A.O. insists? There is much that pushed the F.L.N. toward Communism. When the rebellion began, the French army tried to crush it with U.S. weapons supplied under the NATO pact. U.S. planes manned by French pilots



STREET SCENE IN ALGIERS
From harem to underground.

rained down U.S. bombs on Moslem villages. Guns captured by the F.L.N. had U.S. markings; so did unexploded grenades and shells, and the wrecked helicopter that had ferried French troops over the rough terrain. The only aid that the F.L.N. received was from the Arab states and the Communist bloc. F.L.N. guerrillas are equipped with Red Chinese mortars and anti-aircraft guns; they eat jam from Communist Bulgaria; they train Moslem orphans to be carpenters and welders on machines from the Soviet Union.

Hundreds of Algerian students are enrolled in Iron Curtain universities. One returned raving about the glories of life in drab East Germany. An F.L.N. leader said apologetically: "Of course, it looked good to him. He was, say, 13, at the beginning of the rebellion, and has spent the last five years either as a rebel in the hills or in a refugee camp. Why shouldn't even East Germany look wonderful?"

Benkhedda himself, although he distrusts Soviet policy, has occasionally spouted Red clichés. He has compared Algeria's struggle with France to Latin America's struggle against "North American imperialism." As for Cuba, "the Americans cannot pardon Fidel Castro for having thrown off the yoke of Yankee trusts and monopolies."

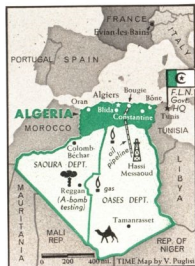
If the F.L.N. pushes its promised land reforms and its collective approach to the task of rebuilding and industrializing the country, independent Algeria will demand of its people the kind of discipline and sacrifices that only a Communist regime can maintain. Observers who spend time with the F.L.N. are often struck by the resemblance it bears to Communism—the same bureaucratic approach and strict obedience to the "party" line, the same fear of taking action that might displease superiors, the same reliance on slogans and indoctrination, and above all, the same infuriating sense of superiority and invulnerability due to their adhering to "revolutionary" rules. A government run by "the brothers" of the F.L.N. may have many doctrinal differences with Communism, but it will be uncomfortably close.

Westward Neutral. And yet, seven years of hard fighting and difficult diplomatic maneuvering have made relatively sophisticated men of the F.L.N. political leaders. They know that the Soviet Union's longtime reluctance to recognize their government stemmed from Nikita Khrushchev's fear of offending De Gaulle, whom he hoped to use to split the NATO alliance. They are aware that Red Chinese aid was given more to embarrass the West than to help the F.L.N. Even fiery anti-colonialist Dr. Frantz Fanon said contemptuously: "If the Communist powers really cared, they would have made a major effort to help us, not just make propaganda with a trickle of aid."

Internationally, the F.L.N.'s Algeria is not likely to be subservient to either Moscow or Peking; most probably it will follow a "neutralist" line similar to Egypt or Yugoslavia. France takes Algerian neutralism for granted, but feels that it has the three-year transitional period to make

Algeria "neutral toward the West," not the East. During the three years, it will also be up to France to weave a tissue of economic ties that will survive. Already France has conceded that Algeria may buy wheat at domestic French prices while undertaking, in turn, to continue to buy the Algerian wine surplus. The continuation of French aid to Algeria is expected to run to \$700 million a year. In this mutual binding of wounds, the Moslem anger toward France and, indirectly, toward all the West, may prove as transient as did the Allies' anti-German and anti-Japanese feelings after World War II.

As they stood on the threshold of independence, Algeria's Moslems could feel like men who had broken through a time barrier. The F.L.N.'s first Premier and grand old man Ferhat Abbas wrote despairingly in 1934: "If I had discovered an Algerian nation I would be a nationalist. Men who die for a patriotic



ideal are honored and respected. But I would not die for an Algerian fatherland because such a fatherland does not exist. I cannot find it. I questioned history. I questioned the living and the dead. I searched through the cemeteries. Nobody could speak to me of it. You cannot build on air."

But last week, most of Algeria's Moslems felt that they had built their own fatherland in seven years of life-and-death struggle. Said an F.L.N. leader: "We now have a history, a nation, even our own myths, our songs and our legendary heroes." One thing the F.L.N. has not done: it has not conquered its new fatherland. The Moslems never beat the French army as it was beaten in Indo-China at Dien-bienphu. Rather, by tenacity, courage and discipline, the F.L.N. finally forced the French to give up the embattled country. For the future, this military stand-off may hold more hope and less bitterness than a clear-cut victory. The "sad peace" concluded at Evian may yet turn into the kind of "association" that De Gaulle had earlier hoped for, and had linked with "the peace of the brave."

DISARMAMENT No Fear of Peace

Delegates from 17 nations are meeting in Geneva this week to find a formula that would end the arms race, but their prospects for success are dim. Nevertheless, a hopeful handful of economists are already exploring ways to ease the impact of disarmament on economies long geared to high levels of military spending (about half the national budget in the U.S. and the Soviet Union). A report submitted last month to the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency by a panel of specialists concluded that while certain industries (e.g., aerospace, shipbuilding, communications) would be hard hit, the total national resources liberated by disarmament would more than compensate for specific dislocations without causing a major depression.

This week a blue-ribbon jury of noted economists from ten nations,^{*} completing a 14-month study for the United Nations, reached a similar conclusion. Considering the burden of the arms race, said the report, disarmament "would be a blessing to all mankind." Among the findings:

► The world's military spending now is roughly \$120 billion annually, about 8-9% of all goods and services. About 85% of the total is spent by seven countries: the U.S., Britain, the Soviet Union, West Germany, France, Canada and Red China. Armies number about 20 million. Probably 30 million people work in defense-related industries.

► Military expenditures by all nations equal at least two-thirds of the total national income of all the underdeveloped nations. If only "a fraction" of the international defense budget was diverted to economic aid to needy nations, it would result in "a marked increase in the rate of growth of real income in the poorer parts of the world."

In the U.S., the U.N. consultants reported, disarmament would require about 7% of the labor force to change jobs. These workers would switch mostly to Government service such as space exploration, retail and wholesale trade, professional pursuits such as teaching and medicine. Biggest surprise in the report: Communist economists agreed with their non-Marxist colleagues that capitalist countries could make the switch to peacetime production without serious disruption. In the past, Communist theoreticians and propagandists have insisted vehemently that capitalist countries are sabotaging disarmament because their economies could not stand it.

Although that line is now largely abandoned, the Communists obviously have another propaganda aim in mind. By emphasizing the rosy results of ending the arms race, they are hoping to persuade the nonaligned nations and the West itself to accept Soviet plans for unsupervised disarmament.

* The U.S., the Soviet Union, Britain, France, India, Pakistan, the Sudan, Venezuela, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

COMMUNISM

The Breadline Society

In the great marble hall where he once bragged of beating U.S. meat and milk output, Nikita Khrushchev last week told Soviet leaders what every Moscow housewife knows. With 12,000,000 more citizens to feed than three years ago, Russian agriculture actually produced less food last year than in 1958 and is lagging so far behind Khrushchev's ambitious targets that it "seriously threatens" the entire seven-year plan. Russians are in no danger of starvation and in fact are better fed than in Stalin's day. But production of grain, sugar beets, vegetables and butter has remained level, and the cities are

ment of Stalin's system of sowing grain fields to grass every few years.* Instead of allowing almost half the valuable land to lie fallow, Khrushchev decreed that farmers henceforth will rotate grain with peas, beans, sugar beets and other crops. His new goal: a 250% productivity increase by 1971.

Some Western diplomats deduced hopefully that Khrushchev would now press seriously for disarmament, argued that the vast investment needed for his farm program could come only from the Soviet defense budget. However, most Soviet experts agree that Khrushchev cannot afford to gamble with national security or alienate the army, which reportedly is already suspicious of his faith in peaceful

ing with tasty dishes." But, reasoned Nikita Khrushchev, "the preaching of equality in the spirit of the early Christian communes, with their low standard of living, with their asceticism, is alien to scientific Communism. To invite people to such Communism is tantamount to slurping milk with an awl. Communism must not be regarded as a table set with empty plates around which sit high-minded and fully equal peoples."

The Greatest Failure. To hasten affluence in Russia, Khrushchev in the past eight years has doubled the number of tractors (to 1,168,000) and ruthlessly cannibalized collective farms (250,000 into 40,000). His greatest gamble—and, say some Western critics, his most catastrophic—was to plow \$40 billion into marginal virgin lands when the investment could have been profitably used to intensify farming in more fertile areas. Whatever his new targets, in Khrushchev's own phrase, "statistics don't fry pancakes." Few experts expect Russia to have any farm surplus problem for years to come. It is perhaps Communism's greatest failure that nowhere has it satisfied man's most fundamental demand in life, to be properly fed. Throughout the Communist empire, from Castro's Cuba to Mao's China, breadline societies are an inevitable result of Marxism's ingrained distrust of the peasantry and its insistence on headlong industrialization.

Communist farm workers have no stake in the land, little incentive to work hard. Peasants invariably steal a few daylight hours to till their private plots for profit. The vast irony of collective agriculture is that if peasants were not allowed to raise and sell cash crops, Russia's food shortage would be catastrophic. Though their holdings amount to less than 4% of all arable land, individual peasants own 50% of all cows, 25% of the hogs, produce 65% of the potatoes and cabbage that are Russia's basic foods. European economists speculated last week that Nikita Khrushchev could still solve the farm problem in a single stroke. The solution: a threefold increase in the peasants' private plots.

Developed Underdeveloped. Though Russia's northerly location and harsh climate make for low crop yields, a more important cause of food shortages is its long failure to adopt the scientific methods that have revolutionized Western agriculture. Example: with 15 million more cows, Russia produced one-third as much milk as the U.S.; in huge areas of crop land, weed killers are virtually unknown. It is plagued as well by an inefficient bureaucracy that tends to be more skillful at padding its returns than increasing crop yields. Moscow's Ministry of Agriculture, said Khrushchev last week, remains exactly as it was in 1804, except that instead of three Deputy Ministers it now has 14. Russia has 48 million farm workers—nearly half its total labor force—and is still desperately short of hands. The U.S., by contrast, has one-seventh as many farm workers, only 65% as much crop land, and 37 million fewer



KHRUSHCHEV IN IOWA, 1959
"Statistics don't fry pancakes."

ART SHAY

plagued by recurrent shortages of meat and milk. The explanation is simple. Said Khrushchev: "The fact is that we just don't have enough."

Milk with an Awl. In a somber, six-hour speech at the Central Committee's annual conference on farm policy, the Soviet Premier castigated "irresponsibility" and "backwardness" in almost every segment of agriculture, even to the high price of harrows in Novosibirsk and the lagging fight against weeds in Kazakhstan. Unless the party makes "tremendous efforts," he warned, "our country will face great difficulties, and serious harm will be inflicted on the cause of building Communism." To get Red farms in the black, he demanded sweeping, immediate reforms that include doubling the output of farm machines, a tenfold boost in fertilizer production by 1980, and increased "Leninist incentives" (i.e., pay for peasants). Burying his seven-year-old decentralization program, Khrushchev put responsibility for agriculture on a vast central administration. With all the fervor of his old crusade for corn, he even plugged a brand-new party-line panacea: abandon-

coexistence. Khrushchev is inextricably committed to butter as well as guns, sputnik as well as sputniks. He has long since staked his political survival on raising Russian living standards, and last week even declared approvingly that Marxism-Leninism, like U.S. capitalism, will eventually lead to the "affluent" society.† Diehard Stalinists, notably China's leaders, deplore Khrushchev's emphasis on material comforts—in his own words, "presenting Communism as a table groan-

* His chief prophet was Vasily Robertovich Williams, a Moscow-born scientist of Welsh descent, who sold the scheme to Stalin as a way to skimp on fertilizer. Stalin rejected Williams' more radical theory: that Russian farm machinery should be horse-drawn or hung from cranes, since heavy tractors would ruin the soil's substructure. Snorted Khrushchev as he recalled the scheme: "How should the cranes be suspended? From airships?"

† Although the book of that name, by U.S. Economist Kenneth Galbraith, is a highly critical study of U.S. values, it has not been published in Russia. Said Galbraith, now U.S. Ambassador to India, of Khrushchev's allusion: "It shows that he is coming into touch with some of the best literature."



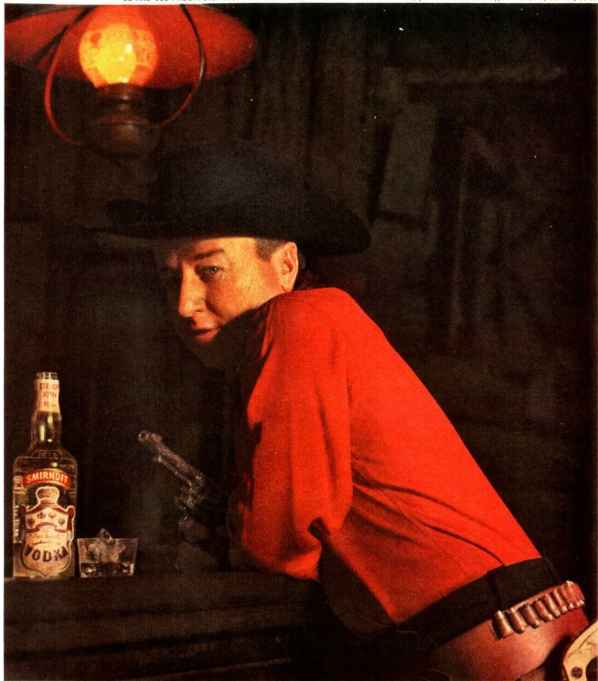
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and start seeing yourself in a Bonneville of your own. Oh, that Pontiac persuasiveness! Ah, that Bonneville sweet-talk! If you can turn a cold shoulder to this list of charms, you've a heart of ice: a whisper-gentle ride, that Wide-Track poise, that Trophy V-8 spice. Sating hand-rubbed Morrokide, handsome fabrics, cushiony full carpeting...even such smart touches as a walnut panel clean across the dash. This one's after your heart, and you might as well give in right now. Wistful Pontiac-watching will never get you anywhere! The man to see is your Pontiac (what else?) dealer—and the time is soon. Why not let somebody else look longingly at you for a change? Pontiac Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

Wide-Track Pontiac



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SOUTH VIET NAM

The Test to Come

"There are two air forces in South Viet Nam," said an official in Saigon, "the Vietnamese and the U.S." Since the U.S. role, technically, is to instruct government pilots, Vietnamese trainees accompany the American pilots on bombing and strafing missions against the Communist Viet Cong. When fast action is needed, it is the U.S. air power that does the job. Last week that help was badly needed.

The usual method of the 25,000 Communist Viet Cong guerrillas is to attack in small numbers at scattered points, ambushing a government patrol or raiding a village. Recently, in an abrupt change of pace and tactics, the guerrillas began striking in larger numbers and concentrating their attack in the country's heavily populated southern part. The Viet Cong poured more than 200 men into a single battle, launched five other forays in battalion strength that seemed to signal the start of a spring offensive. Said one U.S. colonel: "The Viet Cong is entering a new phase of the war."

Light That Failed. The heaviest fighting took place last week at the village of Bo Tuc, 82 miles northwest of Saigon in Tay Ninh province, six miles from the Cambodian border. Promptly at midnight, at the sound of five thumps on a bamboo drum, hundreds of Viet Cong guerrillas stormed from the tall grass, quickly overran two outposts manned by four civil guards. Their main objective was a large defense post in the center of the village occupied by 78 guards and militiamen.

Racing toward the fort, protected by barbed wire and an embankment bristling with bamboo spikes, the Communists burned the surrounding huts.

The flames proved their undoing. They lost their protective cover, became silhouetted targets. An eight-man team of guerrillas, however, had successfully lobbed a 57-mm. shell (from a captured U.S. recoilless rifle) into the fort, setting it afire. The battle raged until morning, when three waves of government planes, some piloted by Vietnamese and some by Americans accompanied by Vietnamese trainees, finally appeared to bomb and strafe the fleeing Viet Cong. Not until early afternoon did Vietnamese paratroopers arrive; by then, the enemy had disappeared. At nightfall, however, despite the paratroopers' presence, the Communists had managed to remove most of their 56 dead. Reported government casualties: 18 dead, 12 wounded.

Tree That Sheltered. Two days later, the Vietnamese went on the offensive. Flying from Saigon before dawn, 16 U.S. Army helicopters picked up a Vietnamese battalion. Their orders: to surprise 200 guerrillas that intelligence reports had located in the village of Cai Ngai, a Communist stronghold on the southeast tip of Viet Nam. Already in the area, concentrated in the Mekong Delta, were 1,500 government troops searching for the enemy in the mangrove swamps and inlets along the South China Sea.

Flying six to ten feet above the ground to hide from Communist spotters, the helicopters soon touched down near the village as AD-6 Skyraiders strafed the ground to cut off the Viet Cong retreat. But instead of racing to the village from where the startled Communists had fled (leaving behind their dinner), the Vietnamese paused under coconut trees. "Let's move the thing forward," yelled a frus-

trated U.S. adviser. When the troops reached the group of huts, the main force of the Viet Cong had fled. Captured and destroyed were a crude armament factory, a food depot and a medical-aid station. Strafing had killed about 25 guerrillas. The only Vietnamese casualty was a soldier who was accidentally shot in the foot by a comrade. Six helicopters were riddled with bullets, but all returned safely. Said one U.S. pilot dryly: "They got hold of an American training manual that explains how to shoot at aircraft."

Although Communist successes continued to outnumber their defeats, some government officials welcomed the larger-scale clashes as a sign that the Viet Cong is growing increasingly fearful of stepped-up U.S. aid to the Vietnamese army. In parts of the central lowlands, for example, guerrillas are on the defensive. But, cautioned one U.S. official: "It would be misleading to say that the situation has improved. The test has yet to come."

RUSSIA

The Crime on Everyone's Lips

While Soviet authorities maintain that crime is a bourgeois phenomenon that will wither away under Communism, they have found capital punishment no easier to abolish than the illicit pursuit of capital. The death penalty was dropped in 1947 (not counting secret executions in



U.S. HELICOPTER & VIETNAMESE CASUALTIES
Training covers a lot of ground.



the cellar of Lubianka Prison, of course), but during the '50s, capital punishment was gradually restored—for murder, treason, espionage and sabotage. Last year, to cope with a rash of get-rich-quick racketeering, the courts were permitted to decree death for counterfeiting, big-time embezzlers of public property and currency speculators. Fortnight ago, Moscow broadened the list of capital crimes to include such offenses as graft by public officials, assault on policemen, and rape.

The West will probably never learn if the harsh new penalties work, since the Russian press never publishes crime statistics and carries few police-beat stories. Possibly in order to discourage other Soviet spivs, the papers last week reported that a court had condemned to death a Red racketeer whose crime was on almost everyone's lips. Nikolai Kotlyar, alias the Lipstick King, amassed a fortune before his arrest last winter by operating a hot lipstick syndicate from the basement of his house in a Moscow suburb (TIME, Dec. 15). Through nine strategically placed accomplices in a state-owned plant at Riga, said *Izvestia*, Kotlyar in 1960 alone got hold of 59,000 lipstick tubes, which an underground labor force filled with homemade batter and distributed nationwide. Top executives at the plant who, complained the paper, "considered the factory their patrimony," were paid from \$220 to \$1,660 a month each, while Kotlyar's go-between got all travel expenses plus 55¢ a tube. No playboy, Kotlyar plowed his profits into jewelry and state bonds, and, according to the press, "dreamed of accumulating more valuables." He will face a firing squad.

HUNGARY

Loosening the Noose

More than five years since Russian tanks crushed the Hungarian revolution and Janos Kadar took over as the country's ruler, the secret police still make dead-of-night arrests, and land mines along the Austrian frontier still deter potential escapes. But, imitating Nikita Khrushchev's methods, Communist Kadar has begun to loosen the noose around the Hungarian people. While forced collectivization of agriculture continues, luxury and hard goods are more abundant, even though prices are high. Last week Kadar announced a policy of peaceful coexistence between Hungary's Communist rulers and non-Communist majority.

"We must bear in mind how many people with different pasts and with different points of view have remained here," he said, in a statement reported by the official party newspaper *Nepszabadsag*. "They live peacefully and work honestly. What shall we do? Shall we live with them on a war footing? Why should we? They don't rise against us, and we only want to combat those who try to overthrow the people's power."

Kadar acknowledged that there were still "class enemies" in Hungary, but said that "whatever the class enemies may do,

they cannot do us as much harm as we can do ourselves with our own mistakes. The people demand humane treatment and confidence." Kadar even paid a back-handed compliment to democracy. Although Hungary has a one-party system, he said, "we must work as if we had a 20-party system and a secret election every day, because only then will the people support us."

GREAT BRITAIN

Alfie the Elusive

The English, who are among the world's most law-abiding citizens, unabashedly admire the man who can defy the law and make it look like an ass. Alfred George Hinds, or Alfie, as he is universally known, is a pallid, peaceable chap with thick



ESCAPE ARTIST HINDS
A passionate love of liberty.

glasses, and the oppressed air of a real-life Alec Guinness. Despite his distinguished appearance, he has one of the best-known faces in Britain.

What most endears Alfie to Britons is his passionate attachment to liberty. Sentenced to a twelve-year prison term for a cool bit of safecracking in 1953 (he pleaded innocent), he has escaped three times for a total of 841 days at large. Mocking Scotland Yard's frantic efforts to capture him, Alfie sent memorandums protesting his innocence to English M.P.s, granted press interviews, even got a tape recording of his plea on TV. Since he was last restored to custody, in 1960, Alfie has fought for his liberty before the highest courts in the land. Last week, after dismissal of his 13th and probably final appeal, all England waited for his next escape. He had already notified Lord Justice Sellers: "I am not going to remain in prison. It would be very hard for me to leave again. But I assure you I am going to."

Locked in a Lavatory. Alfie's vivid sense of injustice dates back to childhood, when his father died after ten strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails for armed robbery. Lodged in a children's home, he made his first break at seven. He escaped a Borstal institution for delinquents in his teens, and during World War II learned the art of camouflage as an army deserter. His first headline break came after his conviction for the safe job (Scotland Yard has yet to trace \$90,000 worth of stolen jewelry). After Alfie slipped through locked doors and over a 20-ft. wall at Nottingham Prison, he became known as "Houdini" Hinds, spent eight happy months on the loose in Europe and Ireland, where he had set up shop as a builder-decorator when the Yard caught up with him in 1956.

His next exploit, a lawsuit charging the prison commissioners with illegal arrest, was a convenient cover for the most audacious escape in policemen's memory. He got outside accomplices to smuggle him a padlock in the Law Courts, went to the toilet with two guards. When they removed his handcuffs outside, Alfie bundled them into the lavatory, snapped the padlock onto screw eyes inserted on the door by his pals, and vanished in crowded Fleet Street. Though he was recaptured at the airport five hours later, Hinds slipped out of Chelmsford Prison in less than a year and returned to Ireland. As William Herbert Bishop, used-car dealer (and auto smuggler), he eluded the peelers for almost two years, and might never have been caught if he had not accidentally been stopped in an unregistered car.

George II & All That. After selling his life story to the *News of the World* (for a reported \$40,000), Alfie settled back to crack the laws of England. In the course of researching Alfie's abstruse legal quibbles, plump Lila Stuckley, his common-law wife, became a familiar figure in the British Museum's venerable reading room. Said she: "Oh dear, I find it all very difficult. Laws going back to 1742, George II and all that, and that queer language with all those double efs instead of eses." Alfie, to litigation born, delved up enough dusty arguments to sustain a two-year marathon through British courts. His most appealing line: by a convenient "flaw" in British law, prison breaking is nowhere clearly defined as a misdemeanor.

Alfie's last court of appeal was the austere House of Lords, where he spent three hours arguing his case in 1960. When one learned peer lost his place in an obscure reference book cited by Hinds, Alfie chided: "My Lord, you are not with me." Last week, on another tack, Hinds tried and failed to get yet another hearing before the Lords. As he was led away to serve half-a-dozen more years in tightly guarded Parkhurst Prison, Lila was on the point of tears. "This time," she said, "I am really afraid." Alfie's admirers had more confidence. Only last month, prison authorities found that Hinds had fixed the lock on his cell so that he could get out at will.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Alianza Sí, Progreso No

It was just a year ago at a White House reception for Latin American diplomats that President Kennedy announced his *Alianza para el Progreso*. It was to be a vast, cooperative drive to lift Latin America's 300 million people out of misery—and out of the clutches of Castro and Communism. Under the Alliance, U.S. aid to Latin America in all its forms—grants, loans, Food for Peace—would be channeled through one *Alianza* clearinghouse, and would be matched by Latin American reform and self-help. This week, on its first anniversary, Kennedy's Alliance for Progress is hardly off the ground. It faces sharp questioning in Congress when it comes up soon for new appropriations. Chief complaint: so far, the Alliance runs only one way; in effect, the U.S. foots the bill while Latinos drag their feet.

Doers & Do-Littles. In the first year, the U.S. has dispensed more than \$1 billion in loans and commitments (see chart) and has promised \$20 billion in a decade. Clinics, schools, low-cost houses, highways and water systems are under way.

The reaction of the 19 Latino governments participating (Cuba is boycotting the program) has so far not been so spectacular. Despite Kennedy's warning that loan priorities will depend on "demonstrated readiness to make institutional improvements that promise lasting social progress," only one-third—Mexico, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Argentina, Uruguay—appear embarked on anything like the kind of painful land, tax and other reforms needed to reconstruct their societies. One of the shiniest performers is tiny El Salvador, which, under the prodding of a reform-minded military man, Colonel Julio Rivera, is loosening the control of "the 14," a group of land and banking families who have ruled the country since Spanish colonial days.

A second, bigger group of countries—Guatemala, Honduras, Panama, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and the restless post-Trujillo Dominican Republic—are talking reform. But only a few are anywhere near the take-off point. One is Chile. Last week, with the treasury nearly bare, Chile welcomed a blue-ribbon U.S. Alliance team, hand-d over an impressive, ten-year master development plan. A promise of land reform (now under discussion in the Chilean Congress) and tax reform produced a counterpromise by the U.S. of \$350 million worth of help over the next five years.

A third category is the minority of surviving dictatorships who are doing nothing to reform—Haiti, where ruthless François Duvalier continues to rule a police state; Paraguay, commanded by a jack-booted artilleryman named General Alfredo Stroessner; and Nicaragua, administered by two efficient sons of the assassinated dictator Anastasio Somoza.

The situation has some U.S. Congress-

men on the warpath. Louisiana Representative Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Aid, last month denounced a White House request for \$3 billion to finance the Alliance for the next four years as "asinine." U.S. Alliance Director Teodoro Moscoso, who bossed Puerto Rico's successful self-help program, admits: "You can hardly expect U.S. taxpayers, already heavily burdened, to help underwrite development programs in countries where a few privileged people are virtually free from taxation." In recent months, U.S. lawmakers have journeyed to Latin America to see for themselves. Arkansas' Senator John McClellan found "an attitude of waiting for Uncle Sam to take the lead."

U.S. businessmen complain that the Kennedy Administration is ignoring the essential role of private enterprise in Alliance development, even though it talks of both "public and private" capital. New U.S. private investment in Latin America, apparently because of fears of more Castros, last year fell to a rock-bottom low of \$90 million, down from \$540 million in 1959.

Prodders In. Three weeks ago, President Kennedy called in his Latin America advisers, asked how the *Alianza* was faring, and bristled when he was told that it was barely airborne. Kennedy ordered his No. 1 Latin America troubleshooter, Richard Goodwin, 30, who wrote last year's presidential *Alianza* speech, but otherwise had no previous familiarity with Latin America, to be trail boss for the New Frontiersmen in speeding the program. Last week the President fired Goodwin's nominal boss, Robert Woodward, a genial career diplomat who was just too slow for Kennedy. In his place as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, the President named a career bureaucrat, Edwin M. Martin, 53, who has a grounding in economics.

CUBA

Red Stars Rising

Cuba got its own Politburo last week. Havana announced a new 25-man directorate for the Integrated Revolutionary Organizations, the party that runs the country. Ten of the 25 are hard-core Communists. Nobody got any titles, but the order of the list indicated the pecking order. At the top, at least for now, was Fidel Castro and the rest of his original quartet—Brother Raúl, Che Guevara and Puppet President Osvaldo Dorticos. Next on the list: Blas Roca, the boss of Cuba's Communist Party.

Yankees Besieged

The thump of dynamite blasting foxholes into the coral starts at dawn these days at Guantánamo Naval Base. All day newly arrived marines sweat and swear as they sandbag gun emplacements, communications lines and antitank positions.



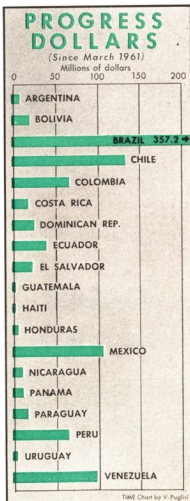
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Until recently, sea-oriented old "Gitmo," the besieged 45-sq.-mi. U.S. enclave on the southeast coast of Communist Cuba, counted only 300 combat marines, and their vintage M1 rifles were hardly a match for fast-firing Belgian weapons sported by Castro's militia. Now Guantánamo is grimly digging in.

Castro, in his right mind, presumably would never try to storm Guantánamo, unless he wanted to provide the U.S. with a justification for moving in to crush his Red regime. He has no legal case against the U.S.: under a 1934 treaty that cannot be voided unilaterally, the U.S. may rent Guantánamo in perpetuity.

Starting last November, Cuban bulldozers have cleared a network of military access roads, which slope down from the surrounding hills (where Castro observation posts and gun emplacements lurk) right up to Gitmo's 24-mile fence. The mined roads lead 26 miles westward to the home base of a Castro armored pool of 51-ton Stalin tanks and 155-mm., 40-m.p.h. motorized artillery.

Last month the amateurish blue-shirted militiamen outside Guantánamo were replaced by 3,500 spit-and-polish young troops in starched fatigues. Many of them, apparently, were trained in three Czech-and-Soviet-commanded camps nestled in the hills above Guantánamo. More than 25,000 Cuban troops now surrounded the Guantánamo area.

Along Guantánamo's fence, Castro's men are putting the final touches on their own Berlin Wall. Workers' cadres have carved a 75-yd. clearing around the base and in Iron Curtain fashion have carefully smoothed its surface in order to spot the footprints of anyone trying to escape into the base. Gangs of teen-age "Young Rebels" are painstakingly planting a "cactus curtain" of bayonet grass, a tough century plant with half-inch sawtooth barbs.

In the past five months, more than 800 marines with battle packs have landed in Guantánamo, boosting garrison strength to at least 1,100 marines and 2,000 sailors. With the reinforcements has come modern equipment—new rapid-fire M14 rifles and a field patrol device which detects raiders by radar. And there is increasing support near by—an on-call Marine battalion in Puerto Rico, a U.S. fleet now stationed regularly off Guantánamo Bay, and the carrier-based, swept-wing F4H Phantom II jet fighters whose sonic booms are clearly audible in Castroland.

BRAZIL

Jânio's Homecoming

Into the coffee port of Santos last week steamed the Dutch freighter *Ruyjs*. Aboard was ex-President Jânio Quadros, 45, whose petulant resignation seven months ago plunged Brazil into chaos, disillusion and disrepair. He came home in triumph. When the *Ruyjs* docked, Jânio, tanned, a bit flushed, and about 10 lbs. heavier than when he sailed away last August, walked into a swarm of 10,000 almost fanatic fans.

He arrived on Ash Wednesday, but the crowd was still in a mood of pre-Lenten

carnival. It hoisted the returning prodigal to its shoulders and carried him on a mauling ride to a police truck, which drove him to a hastily built platform. Skyrockets burst, pennants waved, and there were shouts of "Jânio for dictator!" "Our solution has arrived!" and "Jesus Christ renounced too!" Disheveled, his French cuffs unlinked and flapping, Quadros spoke for 15 impassioned minutes.

"I return to fight at whatever the cost for the republic about which we dream," said Jânio. "To arrive at the destiny that we desire and the Brazil that we want. There is only one order: we must stay united. And woe to those who have wanted to know, and who do not belong to the people, the reasons for my renouncing the



QUADROS IN SANTOS
"I return to fight."

presidency. The reasons for my renouncement will be known in the public square."

After his emotional but hardly enlightening speech, Quadros fell silent. In his purposely enigmatic way, he was testing the political air, and he probably found it good. His tentative early supporters include Guanabara State Governor Carlos Lacerda, who has had second thoughts about his bitter anti-Quadros denunciation that helped push Quadros toward abdication; demagogic Governor Leonel Brizola of Rio Grande do Sul; Bahia Governor Juracy Magalhães; and reactionary ex-Navy Minister Silvio Heck, who burst into tears when he received a personal letter from "our President."

Barred by the constitution from retaking the presidency, Quadros may go along with supporters who would like to see him Prime Minister, a post that can be shaped by a strong man to satisfy his hunger for executive power. There are disillusioned Brazilians aplenty who regard Quadros as unstable and a potential dictator. But among the politicians who sense the Brazilian people's growing anger over their country's slothful government, there is a feeling that Quadros is a political messiah. From all over Brazil last week they were flocking to cling to his robes.



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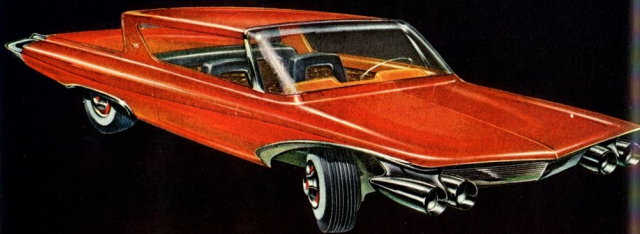
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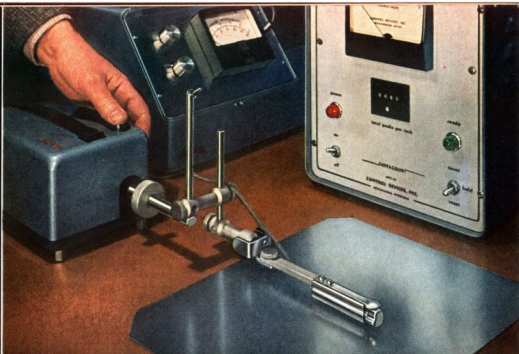


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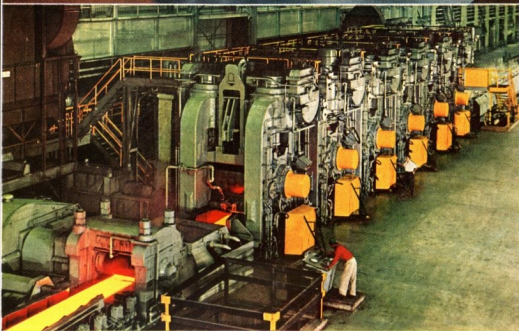
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PEOPLE

Convinced that "tobacco, in the form of cigarettes, is a poison more lethal than the deadliest narcotic," Oregon's Democratic Senator **Maurine Neuberger**, who gave up her own addiction six years ago, vowed to "introduce legislation to deal with this tragic problem." Her probable bill: a new tax on cigarettes to subsidize cancer research.

In his farewell lecture as Cambridge University's Reader of English, the grand panjandrum of British criticism, stiletto-tongued **Frank Raymond Leavis**, 66, set off the biggest explosion to rock Britain's literary Establishment in a decade. Leavis' target: Author-Bureaucrat **Sir Charles Percy Snow**, 56, whose eight-volume novel cycle, *Strangers and Brothers*, has won him transatlantic renown as a perceptive interpreter of the new scientific culture of the 20th century. Dismissing their author as "portentously ignorant," irascible Humanist Leavis suggested that Snow's books "are composed for him by an electronic brain called Charlie, into which the instructions are fed in the form of the chapter headings." Replied the normally urbane Sir Charles: "I would only want to respond on the plane of reason, and this does not afford such an opportunity."

Bravely breasting the chill Moscow winds, Hollywood's touring **Kim Novak**, 29, showed up in Red Square with fond hopes of thawing out the cold war in a cultural offensive of sorts. Her dreams of starring in a U.S.-Soviet co-production were heightened as U.S. Producer Lester Cowan and Soviet state film makers agreed to collaborate on a screen version of Novelist Mitchell Wilson's *Meeting at a Far Meridian*. Also making future missions to Moscow under a new two-year cultural pact that calls for more swaps of artists, students, newsreels, magazines,

radio and TV programs: the New York City Ballet, the Robert Shaw Choral and, for all those beat Bolsheviks, Swing King Benny Goodman. In return, the Soviets will export the Bolshoi Ballet, the Leningrad Philharmonic, the Ukrainian Dance Ensemble and, on the seas of friendly strife, they intend to challenge the winner of the 1953 America's Cup twelve-meter-boat race.

Her wardrobe newly enhanced with high-fashion goodies from Manhattan's Chez Ninon (see MODERN LIVING), leopard-coated **Jacqueline Kennedy** emplaned on a commercial jet for her long-awaited goodwill tour of India and Pakistan. First overnight stop: Rome, where thousands braved forbidding chill and rain to cheer her on rounds that included



JACQUELINE KENNEDY IN ROME
Cracking the language barrier.

a formal call on President Giovanni Gronchi and an audience with Pope John XXIII, with whom she would converse in French.

Back to Africa bounded Ireland's choleric, keen-witted **Conor Cruise O'Brien**, 44, the literary critic and critical diplomat who was chief of the U.N.'s Katanga force until he resigned in a huff over British and French policy in the Congo. New post for Dr. O'Brien: the vice-chancellorship of the University of Ghana, under "Chancellor" Kwame Nkrumah.

Amid speculation that Migratory Medici **Huntington Hartford**, 50, was in a nesting mood again, ex-Second Wife **Marjorie Steele Hartford Sutton**, 31,



DIANE BROWN IN NEW YORK
Under the spreading A. & P.

weighed in with some advice for her rumored replacement, Philadelphia Model **Diane Brown**, 22. Counseled the onetime cigarette girl who turned painter-actress under the spreading A. & P.: "Don't become just another project of Hunt's. You can become a sort of child of his—a spoiled child. It seems strange now, that after twelve years of marriage to Hunt, I knew nothing about cleaning house, paying bills or doing the shopping."

"I have gone as far as I can in tennis. Now I intend to do the same thing in golf." So saying, up-from-Harlem Tennis Queen **Althea Gibson**, 34, took aim at the U.S. women's amateur golf championship next August. Althea has chopped 18 strokes off her average in two years, occasionally cracks 80, drives up to 285 yards, has won several Negro tournaments. "I have," says she, "a God-given talent for being able to do things with a ball."

Almost half a century after he entered public life, forceful, hawk-faced **Carl Atwood Hatch**, 72, decided to call it a day. Harried by failing eyesight, the onetime (1933-49) Democratic Senator from New Mexico reluctantly retired from the federal judgeship he has held since his departure from Washington. But mindful that appointments to the federal bench carry lifetime tenure, the crusading author of the "clean politics" act that has immortalized his name in U.S. politics still hoped to give his fellow judges an occasional helping hand in court. Said he with judicial precision: "When I retired, I did not resign."

On an inspection tour of Dublin's newest national monument—a restoration of Kilmainham Jail that epitomized British domination—Eire's President **Eamon de Valera**, 79, came not as a stranger. "The Long Fella" himself was the last prisoner



KIM NOVAK IN MOSCOW
Cleaving the cultural curtain.



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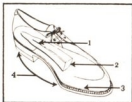


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DE VALERA REVISITING HIS CELL
Executions were in the yard.


to stride from behind its walls into the dawn of Irish freedom in 1924. Said he last week: "I scratched my name on the wall of Cell 59, but I suppose time has erased it now." Also well remembered: the exercise yard, "where the men were executed"—a fate that Dev narrowly escaped in 1916.

General Seeger—the White Way hope of the Theater of Michigan (TIME, Feb. 23)—had no sooner turned turkey and folded its wings after two nights in New York than its visionary actor-president, George C. Scott, 34, turned tough with Hollywood. Up for an Oscar for his supporting role as the cold-blooded gambler in *The Hustler*, the temperamental pride of Detroit became the first nominee in the 35-year history of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to opt out of the competition. His announced reason: disgust with the lobbying and self-promotion increasingly expected of Oscar seekers. Said Scott: "I take the position that actors shouldn't be forced to out-advertise and out-stab each other."

A literary lode of remarkable proportions was brought to Manhattan by Mary Welsh Hemingway, whose pursuit of the unpublished works of her late husband Ernest took her from a Havana bank vault to the back room at Sloppy Joe's saloon in Key West. She collected a possible four novels, dozens of stories and sketches ("It's his work—you could smell it"). Editors at Scribner's are now sniffing over one of the longer works—reminiscences of Paris in the '20s. They, and she, will decide whether Hemingway fans are to have or have not, "I am bajo sus ordenes—under Papa's orders," she said. "I must do my utmost to know what he would want done about his work."



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End of the Conversation

"My wife," said Bruce Gould, "has a true appreciation of women. She likes women. Curiously enough, so do I. We have always believed that women are not only women but are people. They're not special creatures. They're up to their elbows in life. We just treated women as people."

As editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Charles Bruce and Beatrice Blackmar Gould wove this simple and sympathetic creed into every issue of their magazine. They were a remarkably effective team. Nothing went into the *Journal* that did not please them both, though Bruce often bowed graciously to his wife's instinct for what was right. "I don't think that men edit women's magazines very well," he once said. "They always take a superior attitude toward women." The Goulds looked upon the *Journal's* readers as part of the family, and chatted amiably in print about the places they had visited, the people they had seen. Last week they sadly bade their huge family goodbye. After nearly 27 years, the Goulds were leaving the *Journal* and passing its custody to other hands.

Emancipated Tastes. The Goulds are gentle people, and they came to the *Journal* in a gentler time. Both Iowa-born, they met as students at the University of Iowa, were married in New York in 1923, and embarked on careers in journalism and writing. *Man's Estate*, a play they wrote together, ran 56 performances on Broadway in 1929—and paid for their 120-acre farm, Bedensbrook, near Hopewell, N.J. In 1934 Bruce Gould, who had already sold eight stories to the *Saturday Evening Post*, one of the magazines printed by Curtis Publishing Co. in Philadelphia, joined the *Post* as an associate editor. The following year *Post* Editor (and Curtis Chairman) George Horace Lorimer

offered the Goulds joint editorship of Curtis' women's magazine, the *Journal*.

The *Journal* was then an undistinguished second in an equally undistinguished field of six women's magazines,* all of which took the patronizing view that a woman's interests were largely confined to the home. The Goulds did not share this view. Guided by Beatrice's sure feeling for the emancipated woman's tastes, it invited its readers to plunge up to the elbows not only in bread dough but in life. The *Journal*, which once opposed woman suffrage, broke out in passionate campaigns for purity in politics as well as in maternity wards. It crusaded against venereal disease (a famous *Journal* ad showed a pretty girl with the caption "Of course I'll take a Wassermann"), hotly recommended flogging for child beaters.

The new editors filled the pages with provocative articles, e.g., "Why Do Women Cry?", and fiction from some of the world's bestselling writers: John P. Marquand, Isak Dinesen, Rebecca West. The magazine considered feminine health problems with an obstetrician's candor, nourished the dreams of fat girls everywhere with an endless array of case histories ("I Lost 160 Pounds and I Am Just Beginning to Live").

Challenging the Queen. By 1943 the *Journal* was queen of the field. Its circulation of 4,375,000 ranked it as the largest women's magazine in the world, and it continued to grow. By 1953 it had 5,000,000, by 1960, 6,000,000. But editorially, with few alterations, it remained the same product that the Goulds had conceived in 1935.

* The *Journal*, *McCall's*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Pictorial Review*, *Delicador* and *Woman's Home Companion*. Only three survive today. *Delicador* folded in 1937. *Pictorial Review* in 1939, and *Companion* in 1957.

In 1958 the *Journal* abruptly found itself in an unladylike contest for the throne. That year *McCall's*, equipped with a vigorous new editor, Herbert Mayes, and plenty of money from its new proprietor, West Coast Industrialist Norton Simon, set out to topple the complacent queen. By 1961, *McCall's* had passed the *Journal* in both ad revenue (\$37.6 million to \$27.1 million) and total circulation (7,400,000 to 7,200,000), though the *Journal* still enjoyed a narrow lead in newsstand sales.

Stepping Aside. To beleaguered Curtis, which has spent a fortune refurbishing the slipping *Saturday Evening Post*—without yet reversing its downhill course—the time had come for a change at the *Journal*. Not only the Goulds were affected. Wilhela Cushman, *Journal* fashion editor for 25 years, stepped aside for Catherine di Montezemolo (maiden name: Murray), wife of an Italian *marchese* and a *Vogue* senior fashion editor for the past eight years.

The *Journal's* new editor, 33-year-old Curtis M. Anderson, was hand-picked by the Goulds as their successor. A graduate of the University of Minnesota ('51), he spent nine years with Des Moines's Meredith Publishing Co. (*Better Homes and Gardens*). He joined the *Journal* in 1960 as an associate editor, moved up to managing editor last year. Well aware that he will have his hands full regaining the magazine's lost diadem, crew-cut Curt Anderson (he is now letting his hair grow out) is keeping his own counsel. "The *Journal's* basic character will be retained," he said, "but there will be changes."

At week's end the Goulds quietly slipped off to the Bahamas for an extended rest. "Our career on the *Journal*," said 63-year-old Bruce Gould, "has never seemed a task. It has been more like a continuous and absorbing conversation with friends on matters of mutual concern about the home, the community and the world. But the time always comes to step aside and let somebody else take over."



ANDERSON

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD
Women are not only women, but people.

CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO

We made it in 1882

We made it to work. And we made it to last. And it did. True, you shouted into the mouthpiece to make yourself heard, and you shushed the family so you in turn could hear. But, it was the best telephone in the world.

That's why — 80 years ago now — The American Bell Telephone Company acquired a major interest in the company that made it. They wanted to assure themselves of a source of telephones — and wire and cable and switchboards — that would not only work but work together. Common standards — and a common purpose shared by the people who made telephone equipment and those who operated it — would prove essential to the orderly development of the telephone.

That's why the Western Electric Company became a member of the Bell System team back in 1882. And that's why it

continues as a member of the Bell System team today.

There were 60,000 Bell telephones in the U. S. in 1882. There are 65 million now, linked to each other in this nationwide network comprised of millions upon millions of separate parts designed and made to work together without fail.

And they do — because the people who are responsible for the design, manufacture and operation of Bell telephone equipment share a common purpose. Down through the years, Bell System teamwork, joining people with a shared responsibility for ever-better telephone service, has brought Americans the best — and the most — communications anywhere. We work best because we work together.

Western Electric

Manufacturing and Supply
Unit of the Bell System





"Yves Montand was right. Air France baggage service is divine!"

She's not exaggerating. Our baggage service is fine—even divine. And so are so many other things. The speed from New York to Paris, for example. Just 7 hours non-stop. The food. Exquisite French cuisine—in Economy Class as well as First Class. And the service. Voilà! French all the way. Can you think of a better way to begin your business or vacation trip? Departures direct from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles. Only \$390 from New York, \$465 from Chicago, \$663 from Los Angeles—all round trip with Air France 17-day Economy Excursion Fares now through March 31. For information see your Travel Agent or call Air France. Offices in over 30 key U.S. cities.

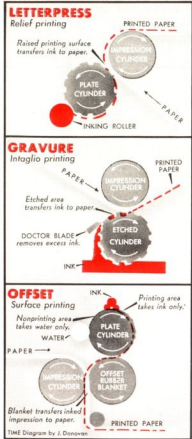
Up from the Stone Age

In 1796, an imaginative Munich playwright named Alois Senefelder discovered that he could print from stone. Searching for an inexpensive way to print his plays, he inscribed the smooth and porous surface with grease or crayon, dampened the stone with water, and then took his impression off on paper. The process, called lithography (literally, writing on stone), was capable of such beautiful reproductions that it was eagerly adopted by painters, among them Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec and Goya, to make cheap but faithful replicas of their original work. Except in artists' circles, Senefelder's stones have long since disappeared. But in print shops, those gloomy caverns of the publishing world where paper is imprinted with ink, the process he invented 166 years ago is enjoying a new boom.

Under another name—offset printing—the growth of lithography in the U.S. has been phenomenal. There are more companies building web[®] offset presses today than there were web offset presses just 25 years ago. Many national magazines with international editions reach their overseas readers via offset presses. Of the *Reader's Digest's* 28 foreign editions,[†] for example, 21 are offset-printed—and so are 72 to 96 pages, or more than 25%, of each issue of the *Digest's* U.S. edition (113.5 million). In the early 1950s only one U.S. daily newspaper, the *Opelousas, La. World* (circ. 10,668), ran on web offset presses. Today, 42 dailies (and 431 weeklies) are printed by offset, among them Phoenix's *Arizona Journal* (circ. 54,000), born last month. Some papermakers now produce a special grade of newsprint, appropriately called "O" for offset.

Finding a Way. Printers were slow to turn to lithography, largely because they already had an excellent process. This was letterpress, a process used by the Chinese at least twelve centuries ago in which ink is transferred to paper from raised type. Technological advances in letterpress kept pace with the pituitary growth of the U.S. press during the 19th century. Steam-powered presses were already around; forerunners of today's giant rotary presses had appeared by the 1860s; and before the century closed, Ottmar Mergenthaler had introduced the Linotype, the first successful mechanical typesetter.

Letterpress's ability to stay abreast of the publishing demand for greater speed relegated lithography to a few humble applications, such as printing picture postcards in which the sunsets were violently pink and skies violently blue. Moreover, a new printing technique called gravure had arisen to fill a growing need for fast color printing. Gravure is the opposite of letterpress. Instead of standing out in relief, the image is etched into the plate, in a series of recesses or wells, which fill with ink and then deposit their ink loads onto



paper. On fast rotary presses, gravure made possible the many-hued Sunday newspaper supplements, added a dimension to color reproduction with which letterpress could not possibly compete.

Lithography, costly and slow, might never have advanced much beyond the stone age but for the curiosity of early experimenters, among them a Nutley, N.J., lithographer named Ira Rubel. Feeding paper into his press, Rubel noticed that the inked image inadvertently printed on the cylinder when a paper sheet failed to feed through, then reprinted itself with impressive clarity on the back of the next paper sheet. This "offset" principle, which Rubel built into a press in 1905, became the bridge by which lithography moved into the big time.

All of today's web offset presses rely on this technique. In both letterpress and gravure, the impression is taken directly from the printing plate (see diagrams). But in offset, an extra cylinder, composed of soft rubber, picks up the printed image from the plate and transfers it—i.e., off-sets it—to the paper.

Take a Picture. With this development, the possibilities of web offset became readily visible to commercial printers. The rubber offset cylinder was able to reproduce, on rough grades of paper such as newsprint, impressions of far greater fidelity than letterpress. And since anything can be photographed, offset printing

plates can be prepared without the use of metallic type. "You can make up a page," said one Midwest printer, "simply by cutting anything out of a magazine and taking a picture of it."

Web offset also adapts more readily than either letterpress or gravure to many of the new experimental techniques in the printing trade, e.g., the photographic composition of type, a high-speed process in which light flashing through letter images produces photographs of words, columns and paragraphs at many times the speed of automatic typesetting machines.

But offset has its disadvantages as well. For one, offset ink is heavier and more expensive than letterpress ink, and because it does not as readily absorb into the paper, the ink must either be artificially dried or the presses must be slowed to give the ink time to dry. For years, the fastest web offset presses ran at about one-third the speed of the fastest letterpresses. The tackier offset ink, together with the rubber cylinder, collects paper dust, which can botch a printing job. The web offset process is more wasteful of paper than letterpress. And on long offset presses runs, the ink tends to emulsify with the water played on the impression plate and thus spread until the page turns into an unrecognizable blob.

New Behemoth. But the savings that web offset offers in labor costs and make-up time have made it attractive to newspapers and periodicals of small circulation, where speed is not as essential as it is to metropolitan dailies. The time may come when offset speed will compete on near-equal terms with letterpress. In The Bronx, N.Y., R. Hoe & Co., which makes both offset and letterpress equipment, is currently testing a web offset press, incorporating many improvements conceived by a Copenhagen printing firm, that is designed to print a 72-page newspaper, in four colors, at speeds in excess of 50,000 copies an hour. This 350-ton, \$2,000,000 behemoth has been ordered by *Grit*, a weekly newspaper published in Williamsport, Pa., for 900,000 subscribers in small towns throughout the U.S.

Not even the most rabid disciples of web offset, the Lithographic Technical Foundation in Manhattan, envision the day when such presses will replace the letterpress giants that now spew out the nation's metropolitan dailies and the large-audience magazines. Printing presses have a long life—25 years or more—and their proprietors are not anxious to scrap an investment of billions of dollars overnight. And since offset eliminates some of the mechanical departments, any wholesale conversion to offset would be asking for serious labor trouble. Nor has letterpress technology stood still. Among recent developments: a new plastic plate, called Dycril, that adapts offset's photographic process to letterpress equipment.

But letterpress printers no longer sneer at offset. In their own shops, they have seen the offset presses rise alongside the giant letterpress machines as versatile, helpful and increasingly indispensable purveyors of the printed word.

[®] Web is the trade term for the continuous paper roll used on high-speed presses.

[†] TIME's five international editions are printed by offset.

DANCE

Martha's Phantasmagoria

At 68, Martha Graham still has a horror of an indifferent crowd. "I'd rather," she says, "have them against me." Last week her modern dance troupe opened on Broadway for their annual two-week season. After the curtain rose on *Phaedra*, the first of two new works, there was not an indifferent eye in the house.

Phaedra is, says Graham candidly, "a phantasmagoria of desire." The dance tells the story of *Phaedra* (danced by Graham herself), who is cursed by Aphrodite with an unnatural lust for her stepson Hippolytus. The spectator is left in no doubt about the nature of her passion—Hippolytus is first seen as only a pair of spot-lighted, near-naked loins. Frenzied when Hippolytus rejects her advances, she tells his father that the youth had raped her, and the dance's high point is the visionary enactment of this lie in all the vividness of *Phaedra*'s inflamed imagination.

The dancers writhe in sinuous embraces, quiver with rage or horror, or flash through the remarkably flexible configurations characteristic of Graham. But sheer movement alone is not enough to trace *Phaedra*'s tangled web of emotion. Too dependent on narrative for which it could not always find a language, *Phaedra* was consistently interesting, not consistently successful.

The other premiere, *A Look at Lightning*, was better dance and better theater, set to a rustlingly dissonant score by Egyptian Composer Halim El-Dabh. Lightning arced hotly around the stage in the lithe body of a girl in a metallic leotard (Matt Turney), rousing loiterers into dances that were alternately elegant, calculating or frenzied. Sometimes serious, *Lightning* was also full of the ironic wit with which Graham occasionally likes to prick the dance world's pretensions. The

girl's coolest, most contained movements, for instance, often prompted her partners to shatter the mood with explosive, calisthenic displays.

Aside from the indisputable fact that Martha Graham is not quite ready to retire to her knitting, the performances demonstrated that she has gathered perhaps the best company of modern dancers in the world. The 22 members of the troupe get together but once a year—for the two-week Graham season—yet they work in almost perfect harmony.

TELEVISION

Tiddely-Pom

An NBC public affairs executive called in Writer-Producer George Lefferts and told him to work up a show on the problems of women.

"Can I do a show on the menopause?" asked Lefferts cautiously.

"Yes."

"On frigidity?"

"You bet."

That is how the *Purex Specials for Women* were started. For a year and a half, the network has been presenting them once a month or so, both in daytime hours and in the evening. In ratings, they have slaughtered everything from ABC's *American Bandstand* to CBS's *Playhouse 90*. Their titles alone have been irresistible—"The Cold Woman," "The Glamour Trap," "The Trapped Housewife," "Change of Life." The program hires first-rate talent, too, such as Sylvia Sidney (menopause), Kim Hunter (frigidity) and Phyllis Thaxter (the trapped housewife—in real life, Thaxter is the wife of James Aubrey, president of CBS-TV).

This week, *Purex* (Sweetheart soap, Dutch Cleanser) presents "The Indiscriminate Woman." Like the others, it is a drama wrapped in documentary sheathing. It begins with statistics establishing that problems exist: venereal disease among



CLARK & LAWRENCE IN "WOMAN"
A little white lie.

young people is up 132%, births out of wedlock are up 194% since 1956. Then Dane Clark and Carol Lawrence perform in a play about an engagement that is broken when he discovers that she has been making and faking love to man after man after man. As the girl herself describes it, with two lines from A. A. Milne:

The more it snows, tiddely-pom,

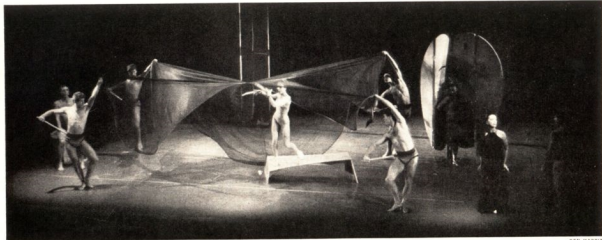
The more it goes, tiddely-pom.

"Marty," she tells her fiancé, "it's been like this all my life—men—I don't even remember the faces. I'm what they call a promiscuous woman."

Marty: You say it as if it was a badge.

Doris: It isn't a badge. It's a disease.

Right, says the program's voice of documentary authority. "A short circuit of the emotions prevents the promiscuous person from enjoying really meaningful relationships." That is about as deep as the diagnosis goes, although at the end of all *Purex* shows there is a sort of analytical epilogue featuring guests with responsible-sounding names and six-inch titles. This week's visitor is Dr. Aaron Rutledge,



MARTHA GRAHAM (FAR RIGHT) & TROUPE IN "PHAEDRA"
In sensuous visions, an explicit passion.



How to tell when you've "arrived"...

When the meeting can't start till Harry gets there...and you (of course) are Harry.

or

When you realize that Hart Schaffner & Marx suits you used to save for big meeting days are being worn every day. (So you buy a couple more.)



"Harry's" suit is lightweight Dacron-wool-Mohair.

Pardon us for blowing our own horn, but this label is so famous it has its own slogan: "A small thing to look for, a big thing to find." It doesn't rhyme or anything, but it's true.



Only the finest, most complete motor hotels can hang the Master Hosts sign. An association of independent motor hotels, Master Hosts offers not just some but all these features: Outstanding restaurant and cocktail lounge; laundry, valet and bellman service; swimming pool; bath in every room; telephone, 24-hour switchboard service; air conditioning; superior quality accommodations; experienced management. In addition, virtually all Master Hosts members have facilities and staffs for conventions, sales and business meetings and banquets. In 35 states and 6 foreign countries, there are more than 200 Master Hosts — guaranteed the finest motor hotels.

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whose billing is "Director of the American Association of Marriage Counselors and Head of the Counseling and Psychotherapy Program at the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit." His wisdom will be seized with questions that range upward in difficulty from "Are there promiscuous men?" to "Does promiscuity itself constitute a threat to our society?"

Unsurprisingly, NBC's *Specials for Women* have been showered with awards from organizations like *Fame* magazine and *Radio-TV Mirror*. The *Specials for Women* are reasonably good shows, marked on TV's achievement curve, but they are not what they purport to be: serious studies of women at the crossroads. They are lye-soap operas—shot through with strong stuff, but soap nonetheless.

"We get a lot of heartbreaking mail," says Writer-Producer Lefferts. "People write in who didn't know they had a problem until they saw the show." But no matter. Nine out of ten women think the *Purex Specials* are divine. And that's a lot of Sweetheart soap.

MOVIES

Man with a Golden Arm

Eyes stare out of the darkness, so green and narrow they could have been admired by a lecherous khan. They move closer. A young black cat, just full grown, steps out of a bit of sewer pipe and starts to move through the city. Its gait is all leg and female, stealthy, preying. It walks across curbs and over the cracks in sidewalks. It hunts and bristles and pads along, looking. The eyes again. Another cat. Snarl. Fangs. Battle. A fierce tot of bodies, fearsome screeches, victory. The black cat moves on. All the while, words are appearing above, below, beside the animal. And people's names. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Titles designed by Saul Bass. Charles K. Feldman presents *Walk on the Wild Side*.

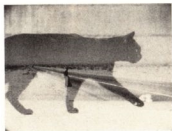
"Titles by Saul Bass" is the arresting line. Movie audiences used to resent, with the same resentment that is provoked by a TV commercial, the long parade of credits at the beginning of a film. Saul Bass has singlehandedly changed that. More than half of New York's film critics actually cited Bass's black stalking malkin as far and away the best thing in *Walk on the Wild Side*. It was. Suggesting the story's themes of harlotry, perversion and vengeance, it set a mood that the ensuing picture tried but failed to match.

Designer Bass is imitated by just about everybody now, but no one has come near him. Sometimes his effects are relatively simple. Looking up from the hub of a wagon wheel, he stared out across a tan Pacific of endless real estate and then placed three small words on the threshold of infinity: *The Big Country*. To credit the cast and crew of *The Seven Year Itch*, he used a set of pastel panels opening like tessellated greeting cards. That was all. But the colors and layout were as visually delightful as a Mondrian in motion. And the *t* in *Itch* scratched itself.

Using animation for his longest title-



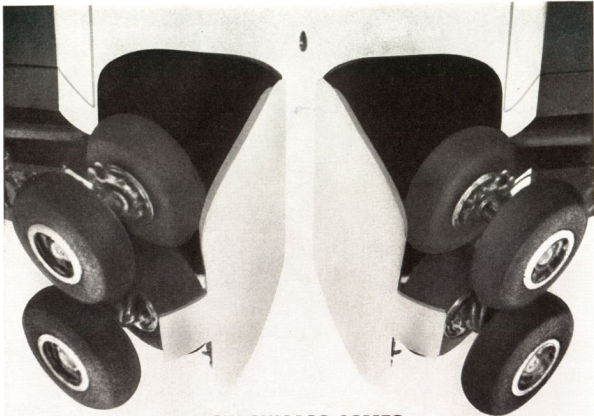
TITLIST BASS



"WALK ON THE WILD SIDE"
A black stalking malkin.

piece, he set up a facsimile—of a Cantinflas' antique bicycle and pedaled it *Around the World in 80 Days* past Egypt's Sphinx adorned with the thick mustache and rolling eyes of Robert Newton. Bass did the credits of *West Side Story*, scrawled on grimy walls like four-letter words. He drew the fixed and crippled hand of *The Man with the Golden Arm* and the jig-sawed corpse of *Anatomy of a Murder*. For Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, he let his spook imagination run on even further. He began with a vulture-close view of a human eye, then moved inside the eye, where spinning, vertiginously kaleidoscopic patterns appeared and changed form, starting Hitchcock's shocker with a Rorschach. The names went by—James Stewart, Kim Novak—under abstract suggestions of nuzzling dolphins, pregnant terns and wooing rattlesnakes.

Saul Bass works in an old stucco house on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. He quit his job at an ad agency to set up his own shop there in 1955. Madison Avenue advertising agencies now study Saul Bass film credits in search of new techniques for TV commercials. At 41, Bass is easily the highest-priced man in his field. He is also the creator of the new color-drop Klenex box and the new, wasp-waisted Wesson Oil bottle. He never repeats himself. "If you don't risk everything every time out," he says, "your creative reservoir goes dry, and ultimately you fail."



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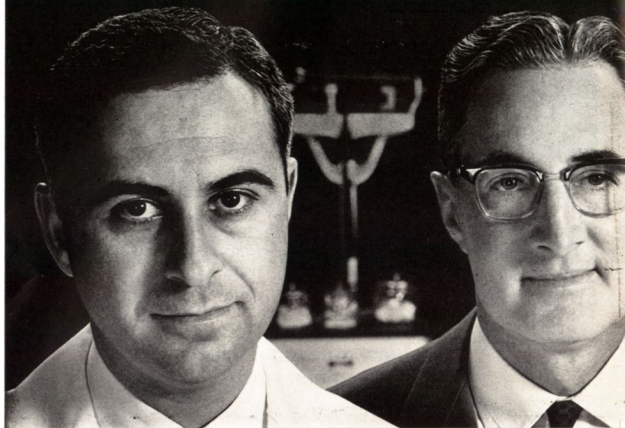
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Your tailored Multicover Plan can include: professional liability, premises liability, burglary, income protection, group life, business life, workmen's compensation,

accident, fire, bonds, personal liability, marine, auto liability and/or collision, homeowner's, personal life, plate glass, group health—any of the more than 40 kinds of protection available to choose from. (Life excluded in Illinois and Missouri.)

Yet you can *start* with just *one* basic coverage and build up to a total Multicover Plan as your present policies expire.

Your St. Paul agent will help you. He will make a complete individual survey of all your needs and point out any gaps that may currently exist in your present insurance program. All without charge or obligation.

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Thus, even though you may pay no more for the Multicover Plan than for your present insurance pol-



plan designed for all your St. Paul Multicover Plan!

icies, you get far more in worth. Far more in peace of mind, security, *actual value*.

A word about us, if you don't mind. We've been in business 108 years and rank in the top 20 of the more than 3,000 general insurance companies in the nation.

As a company, we have probably pioneered more policies than any other. Indeed, the American Institute of Management recently said, "The St. Paul has originated many of the methods and policies its industry uses today."

The agent who represents us is an *independent* businessman who also represents *other* insurance companies. Thus, he is able to recommend the policy or policies that best fit your personal needs.

So you can be *sure* that if he recommends our Multicover Plan—over and above the many policies of *other* companies available to him—it is because Multicover is the best for you.



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WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A KID WHO CAN'T WALK?

For her, learning to walk is hard, hard work. Sometimes she cries.

Usually you can josh her along. But words don't always help. So you love her—until she gets her fight back. Then she's ready to try again.

Love is one of three things that help a crippled child walk. The other two are *skill* and *money*.

We've found people with love and skill to give, like the Easter Seal therapist in the picture.

We're looking to you for the money. Not a lot—just enough to put one kid one day closer to walking. That's about \$5.

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, through its many clinics and centers, to help people fight against these crippling disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.



"Fight with them—against crippling"



EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

ADDRESS: CRIPPLED CHILDREN, C/O YOUR LOCAL POSTMASTER



The Crash Detectives

On the floor of a cavernous hangar at New York's Idlewild Airport, the ghost of a dead jetliner is slowly taking shape. Around small cardboard signs reading "Right Wing," "Left Wing" and "Tail," a group of purposeful experts are arranging what is left of the American Airlines' Boeing 707 that crashed on take-off into Jamaica Bay, killing all 95 aboard (TIME, March 9).

Last week, as police recovered the last of the bodies (all but one have been found), the most vital piece of wreckage was dredged from nine feet of water—the 707's flight recorder, a basketball-sized sphere containing important information on the plane's flight path. The rest of the pieces—shattered engines, crumpled spars, smashed pumps and instrument panels—are not much larger.

The biggest chunk is an 8-ft. by 10-ft. section of the tail. Yet the skilled crash detectives of the U.S. Government's Civil Aeronautics Board can identify and check every tiny fragment. Out of the grim jigsaw puzzle, they will slowly and carefully extract the "probable cause" of the accident. Then other 707s, forewarned and perhaps modified, may be saved from making plunging turns into disaster.

The CAB is a small, independent agency created by Congress and charged, among other things, with watching over air safety. It has no connection with the powerful Federal Aviation Agency, which runs the airways and must, in fact, answer for its performance to CAB. Every accident of an aircraft weighing more than 12,500 lbs.—and every fatal accident of any aircraft—is exhaustively investigated by the CAB's 171-man Bureau of Safety, which employs experts on practically everything having to do with flying. If even more expertise is needed, the bureau is empowered by law to call for help from all Government agencies, including the armed services, the Bureau of Standards and the FBI. Its technical detectives do not always "get their man." Yet, in the last ten years CAB has found the probable cause in 96% of all cases investigated.

Off the Radar. On the morning of the Idlewild crash, former Pilot George A. Van Epps, the bureau's northeastern chief, with headquarters at Idlewild, got a phone call from the tower: "This is an alert. An American Airlines jet on take-off has dropped from the radar departure scope." Van Epps's first move was to call police to guard the wreckage from ghoulish souvenir hunters. Minutes later, he was over the wreck in a helicopter. By mid-afternoon, a specialist team from Washington had arrived to help, and a full-scale investigation was well under way.

When a big airplane crashes and the wreckage is badly chewed up, everyone goes to work—the plane and engine makers, the airline involved, representatives of the pilots' and engineers' unions. The CAB assigns eight groups of specialists to cover every phase of the flight. The



REMAINS OF AMERICAN'S 707
In a hangar, a ghost was taking shape.

structure is analyzed to see whether the plane was on fire before or after it hit, whether something came off in the air or as a result of the impact. Every one of the power-driven devices that work the ailerons, flaps and other controls is studied for before- or after-crash damage. The engines are always suspect, and even though they may be thoroughly smashed—along with the instruments—the CAB men can often tell what power they were putting out when the plane hit.

All maintenance records, from the time that the plane came off the production line, are studied for signs of bugs. All eyewitnesses are interrogated, and what they saw—the angles and distances—is recorded by surveyor's transit so that the CAB will be able to plot the flight path with great accuracy. If bodies of the crew are found, they are examined for alcohol, carbon-monoxide poisoning, heart attack, stroke, even bullet holes or other inflicted wounds. And all recorded conversations

between crew and ground stations are minutely studied for clues.

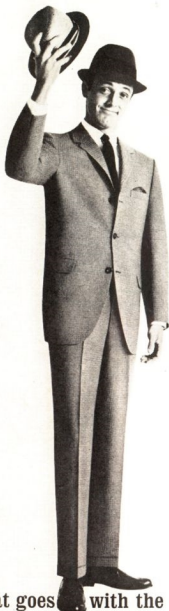
Mice & Alcohol. Sometimes the investigation takes years. The CAB has been working for 14 months on the mid-air collision between a United Air Lines DC-8 and a TWA Constellation, history's worst air disaster with 134 dead, has still not issued a report. At other times, the CAB pinpoints the cause rapidly. It took only three months to discover why a Constellation of nonsunk Imperial Airlines crashed last November near Richmond; the captain survived, and his testimony helped the CAB to uncover an incredible story of incompetence in the cockpit.

Yet there are times when the CAB's sleuths clear the records of suspect pilots. When a DC-3 crashed in New York's East River in 1947 and alcohol was found in the pilots' brains, the obvious conclusion was that the flyers had been drinking. Still unsure, the CAB asked Yale Medical School's alcoholism experts to decide whether alcohol can get into a man's brain from the water in which he is drowned. After drowning a number of rats in sea water spiked with alcohol, the Yale experts reported that considerable alcohol indeed entered their brains. The dead crewmen could have got their alcohol after the accident from smashed deicing tanks. The bureau vindicated them by reporting that the accident was caused by engine failure.

Flares & Heaters. One of the most ingenious campaigns was the 1947 study of a DC-6 crash near Bryce Canyon, Utah. Several minutes before the end, the pilot reported a fire burning out of control in the baggage compartment, and that his plane was coming apart in the air. Gathering the wreckage, which was strewn over 28 miles of rugged country,



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The CAB's investigators noticed traces of barium ash on some of the fragments. Since the only barium that could have burned was in flares carried in the baggage compartment, the bureau at once ordered all DC-6s to remove their flares. Eighteen days later, another DC-6 had a baggage-compartment fire, near Gallup, N. Mex., but with no explosive flares to feed it the crew got it under control and the airplane landed safely.

To explain why the baggage compartments were catching fire, the bureau men borrowed a DC-6, filled its No. 3 fuel tank with water dyed bright red and coated its belly with a material that will absorb dye. Taking it into the air, they pumped more water into the No. 3 tank, forcing it to overflow through a vent. When they landed, they found that the wind had whipped the overflowing water to the belly and dyed it red. Included in the reddened area was the air intake of the cabin heating system. Conclusion: gasoline sucked into the heater had started the fires.

High-Speed Stall? In the current Idlewild investigation, the CAB hopes for crash clues from the automatic flight recorder, which records time, compass heading, air speed, altitude and "g's" (acceleration) and is mandatory equipment on all jets. When found, it was flown to Washington for study at the Bureau of Standards, its aluminum tape hopefully undamaged. Interest was focused on the speed that it will show, because one theory points to what airmen call a "high-speed stall" as the cause of the accident.

The stalling speed of a 707 flying straight and level and loaded to 250,000 lbs. is about 196 m.p.h. with the flaps retracted. In a turn with the wings banked at 17 degrees, the kind that jets often make when climbing away from Idlewild's runway 31-L, the stalling speed goes up to about 215 m.p.h. A 707 flying below that speed is apt to lower a wing and dive toward the ground. According to competent eyewitnesses, this is what American's 707 did. The stall, if it was a stall, might have been caused by retracting the flaps, which give the wing extra lift, before the plane had reached flying speed. To be on the safe side, new regulations were issued telling pilots not to start raising their flaps until they have at least 400 ft. of altitude, and not to retract them completely during a climbing turn.

A stall caused by prematurely retracted flaps would be due to pilot error, and in the opinion of CAB men, the crew that died at Idlewild was unusually competent; Captain James Heist had 18,000 hours, of which 1,600 were in 707s. So other theorists suspect that the fatal plunge of the 707 may have been caused by misbehavior of its hydraulic control system. There have been many instances, both proved and suspected, when the hydraulic system has made the aircraft extremely difficult for the pilot to control. This seems to have happened when a Sabena (Belgian) Airlines 707 crashed at Brussels in February 1961, killing 18 members of the U.S. figure-skating team. Though the



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Belgian government has said nothing, it is an open secret in Washington that when Sabena's 707 nosed up sharply and fell in a whirling stall, its controls were found locked in full nose-up position.

To See the Sun

The sun in a clear sky could hardly be more visible, its light and heat beating down apparently unhindered. But scientists know that the earth's atmosphere stops most of the radiation in the sun's long spectrum, which runs all the way from gamma rays to radio waves. Now at last U.S. scientists are getting a steady, unhampered look at the sun's radiation.

The precious data come from a 440-lb. satellite observatory launched last week from Cape Canaveral into an orbit averaging 355 miles high. The satellite, called OSO (for Orbiting Solar Observatory), is a gadget-lovers' dream, the most complex object launched into space so far. Yet at last report it was working perfectly.

Drum & Sail. The heaviest part of OSO is a nine-sided drum containing batteries, radio equipment and position-control apparatus (see diagram). Mounted on a shaft running through the center of the drum is a semicircular "sail" covered on one side with solar cells to make electric power out of sunlight. While OSO was getting its final push from the launching rocket's third stage, both drum and sail were spinning rapidly. After it was fully in orbit, three arms carrying spherical tanks of high-pressure nitrogen swung outward, and small nitrogen jets reduced the spin to a steady 30 r.p.m.

OSO has more eyes (electrical light sensors) than any spider. When it went into orbit, some of the eyes searched for the sun, and nitrogen discharged from a bottle in the drum moved the drum's axis

until it was perpendicular to the sun's direction. Next, a motor on the central shaft started turning the sail so that its solar cells pointed steadily at the sun. OSO gets gyroscopic stability from the spinning drum, while the solar cells on the pointing sail are always in the right position to develop maximum power.

Mounted on the sail, and pointed accurately at the center of the sun by a special set of eyes, are five of the 13 observing instruments that OSO carries. An X-ray spectrometer measures the wave length and strength of X rays coming from the sun. A photomultiplier tube looks for powerful gamma rays that are believed to come from electrons and positrons annihilating each other in the sun's churning gas. A dust counter watches the sun to find out whether microscopic dust particles are coming from its direction.

Send on Signal. Other instruments mounted on the drum record radiation from both sun and sky as the drum spins, and a neutron counter catches neutrons bounced up from the earth's atmosphere by the impact of cosmic rays. All the readings are recorded on tape during each orbit. When OSO passes over a Minitrack radio station, it is given a signal that makes the tape reverse its motion and quickly send its data down to earth.

It will take months for scientists to interpret all the new information that OSO is sending about the sun. Every instrument on the complicated satellite is apparently doing its duty. OSO is expected to function as a solar observatory for about six months, when its supply of compressed nitrogen will be exhausted. By then, science will have an enormously deeper understanding of the sun, the earth's own star, which is the origin of all life on earth.

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From happy confusion, unhappy conclusions.

Standards for Noah's Ark?

More than any other nation, the U.S. has made local control the key fact of its school system. The result is what James B. Conant calls a "Noah's Ark" of education—a happy confusion of 35,300 independent school systems, in which standards vary so widely that an A grade in one school may be worth a D in another. At their worst, the schools are mired in graft, patronage and political pressure. At best, the system is magnificently tuned to local needs, producing some of the best schools in the world.

What makes the question of local control a current subject of U.S. debate is a growing gap between the have and have-not schools, widened by the financial disparity between school systems and compounded by a national shortage of skilled manpower. To some critics, the situation cries out for a "national curriculum" to equalize schools. Loud among them is Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who calls local control "the greatest obstacle to school reform." Says Rickover in a tentatively titled new book, *Swiss Schools and Ours: Why They Are Better* (Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$3.95): "I know of no country that has brought off successfully a really thorough reform of the school system without making use of some national standard that sets scholastic objectives."

Rickover's idea is anathema to those who feel that national standards would lead straight to crippling "federal control" and kill the freedom of U.S. schools to compete and experiment as they please. The fear of federal control over the schools is one reason—aside from the parochial-school controversy—that the President's general aid-to-education bill has met with heavy resistance. Asks one prominent dean of education: "Do you want the national exam on the Mexican War to be written by a U.S. Senator from Texas?"

Faith v. Facts. Yet the defenders of local option often ignore the fact that U.S. schools are now controlled or influenced by many forces far beyond the local level. "However strongly we may believe that public education in America is still entirely a local matter," says President John H. Fischer of Columbia University's Teachers College, "the facts will

not support our faith. Nor is there any likelihood that a nation whose regional differences diminish every year can meet its educational problems by ignoring common national needs."

Statewide needs already take precedence over local option—from the dissolution of inefficient school districts to the statewide exams of the New York Board of Regents. The forces that influence school boards include regional accrediting agencies, teachers colleges, textbook publishers and the National Education Association. Specific regulations accompany present federal aid, such as those long set for vocational education under the Smith-Hughes Act. The great foundations pour millions into educational TV and radical school designs, prodding schools to improve. Even that stout defender of local control, James B. Conant (*TIME* cover, Sept. 14, 1959), has in part "nationalized" education with his prescriptions for ailing high schools.

Joining Conant are university scholars, who once disdained professional educators but are now more than willing to add their voices to the task of modernizing the school curriculum. Reforms are under way in almost every subject: biology, chemistry, economics, English, math and physics—and all of the reforms are creating new national yardsticks. Stirring the schools equally is a flood of new knowledge about learning itself, the work of scholars who now look on the process of education as an untapped gold mine.

Free or Freeze? Some school boards are so confused about the reforms that they simply ignore them. Many are too broke to try them. Others fiercely resent outside "dictation." A prime target is the national testing programs (more than 20 so far), for everything from college admissions to science scholarships. Protesting that schools are being forced to teach just for the tests, a committee of top school administrators last month called for a nationwide revolt: "Local school systems should refuse to participate in nationally sponsored tests unless those tests can be demonstrated to have value commensurate with the effort, money, time and emotional strain involved."

The controversy illustrates a key U.S. problem: how to raise scholastic standards without freezing profitable academic ferment in a rigid mold. One idea is a national advisory body for education. Columbia's Fischer, for example, proposes

an organization like the American Red Cross, without federal funds or power, "to pass ammunition to local school boards," but not "to lay down the law." Education Professor Paul R. Hanna of Stanford University advocates a national "commission for curriculum research and development" that would guide school boards but also shun fixed standards.

Tell 'em in Medicine Hat. Yet even this approach looks tricky to President John Gardner of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, who wants to see reforms developed through "a great variety of channels," such as universities and learned societies. "A central body," he says, "could be a target." To solve the problem of "making it uncomfortable for people to be slovenly" or "telling the Medicine Hat school board what's going on in math teaching," Gardner suggests increased publicity by state education agencies: "One 30-page booklet could lay out everything new in math teaching." Vice President Alvin C. Eurich of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education suggests that every state set up a research commission, financed by one-half of 1% of the state education budget. New York already has a similar system, in which State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen Jr. is working hard to inform school boards on reforms. But no state yet has a full-time research commission. "If 50 states had them," says Eurich, "we'd see a fast improvement in national education."

In theory, the top gadder could be the U.S. Office of Education, which has recently awakened under articulate Commissioner Sterling McMurrin and is next month due for "reorganization." But the agency is likely to remain in essence a dispenser of statistics—even if a more efficient one. U.S. education has nothing comparable at the national level to the FBI, for example, which by research and training has sharply improved local police departments while avoiding the onus of "federal control."

Aid Without Strings. The opponents of federal direction have good reason for their wariness. Control in some form—intentional or otherwise—has long accompanied federal aid, largely because Congress traditionally grants such aid only for specific purposes. The National Defense Education Act, for example, gave



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PLAYTIME AT DETROIT'S COUZENS SCHOOL
Culture means dogs, crayons and fathers.

a huge financial boost to science and foreign language study, but as a result many schools simply skimped on history and English—a clear case of “federal control” to critics. The only answer, says Executive Secretary William G. Carr of the National Education Association, is for Congress to give aid without strings, and “trust the integrity, patriotism and good judgment of local and state school boards and administrators.”

Pending that happy day, others now believe that the best safeguard might be a really strong federal education agency, similar to the lively, independent National Science Foundation. Sooner or later, the pressure of population on poor school districts will force Congress to pass a hefty education bill. A strong education agency could then act as a referee between Congress and the schools. “The day when we have federal aid will lead to a Cabinet officer for education,” says James Conant, “and his staff will be the buffer.” Clearly, that day will also herald the arrival of national standards for U.S. education—hopefully the kind that will renew the freedom and vitality of local schools.

Salvation in the Nursery

Eric Bennett is a four-year-old who lives in a predominantly Negro housing project in Detroit. His mother supports four sons on \$108 a month in alimony and relief. Some of his playmates have never seen crayons, children's books, raw carrots or dogs (barred in the project). Many of them rarely see their fathers; others see too much of them because the men are jobless. Society has a way of dealing with boys like Eric. Sooner or later, they take an IQ test, get labeled “stupid,” and quit school. The tests reflect “cultural” knowledge—things like dogs, crayons and fathers.

Last week Detroit had under way an experiment aimed at salvaging Eric and 46 other youngsters before they are marked for life by their home environment. The project: a unique nursery school that educators hope will be widely imitated. “It's extremely important that we get kids from underprivileged areas into school at

the age of three or four,” says Teacher Bert Pryor, 45, the school's founder. “By the age of five or six, many children have already jelled into a pattern of failure in school.”

Up the Amazon. Teacher Pryor, assistant principal at James Couzens Elementary School, got the idea for the nursery in 1959, when the Ford Foundation picked his school as part of the Great Cities School Improvement Program to cut down school dropouts. Pryor milked \$2,500 from Ford and the Detroit board of education, got permission to launch the nursery at Couzens on his own time after school. Circulating leaflets in the housing project, he sold the parents of 20 three-year-olds with his message: “Now is the time to help your child be a good student.”

Pryor's current preschoolers get the standard nursery treatment: painting, sandbox play, training in manners and cymbal-crashing marches about the room. The difference is that Pryor's kids are in a brave new world. Used to monosyllabic conversation at home, they hear grownups speaking clearly and concretely for the first time. For them, field trips to farms outside Detroit are as exotic as journeys up the Amazon.

To the Top. Best of all is the effect on parents. Pryor insists that mothers come to class frequently and read aloud to the children. “It gets them into the habit so that they read to their children at home,” he says. One mother was so mortified by her first recitation that she enrolled in an English-improvement class, now holds her own in the nursery. Another bought children's books, is peddling them evangelically to other parents. Says she: “The least we can do is to get books into their children's hands.”

Pryor has no conclusive evidence that he has changed his students' lives; the kids are still too young for him to be sure. But 15 of his products are now first-graders at Couzens, and twelve of them are booming along at the top of their classes. Moreover, the good start they got is being passed on to younger brothers and sisters at home.

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All Things to All Men

Last Year at Marienbad (Astor), written by novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet, the prophet of The New Dehumanism that is currently fashionable in French letters, and directed by Alain Resnais, the 39-year-old Frenchman who made *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* (TIME, May 16, 1960), has been bruited about Europe as a masterpiece of the cinema of ideas. It won the grand prize at the Venice Film Festival, and went on to do a brisk business all over the continent. Released now in the U.S., it promises to become the intellectual sensation of the cinema year, and to judge from pre-release excitement it is going to make money too.

Customers who expect to be entertained are going to be painfully disappointed. *Marienbad* is not a movie in the publicly accepted sense of the word; it is an enigma, the most monstrously elaborate enigma ever conceived in terms of cinema. As such, it is not meant to be seen but to be solved. However, to Resnais' riddle there is not, *hélas*, just one solution; there is an infinite series of solutions, and some of them suppose an esthetic, metaphysical, and even mathematical sophistication that few in any audience possess.

On the face of it, *Marienbad* tells the story of a seduction—Resnais prefers to call it a "persuasion"—that transpires in what Robbe-Grillet calls "a grand hotel, a sort of international palace, immense, baroque, with a décor at once sumptuous and icy: a universe of columns, marbles, gilded panels, statues, servants in rigid attitudes; a clientele rich, polished, anonymous, unemployed. Seriously but without passion they play society's inevitable games—cards, dancing, vacant conversation, pistol-shooting. Inside this closed and stifling world, people and things alike seem caught in an enchantment." Among the enchanted inhabitants of the palace are a beautiful young woman (Delphine Seyrig), a man (Sacha Pitoeff) who is "perhaps her husband," and another man (Giorgio Albertazzi), who pursues her passionately and persuades her finally to go away with him.

A simple story. But in Resnais' hands the love affair develops into a dramatic dialogue of appearance and reality in the manner of Luigi Pirandello. As the film begins, the seducer with seeming sincerity reminds the young woman that they have met before. With seeming sincerity she says she cannot remember when. Why, it was only a year ago, he says reproachfully, and at this very same spa—or was it at Friedrichsbad? Or was it at Marienbad? Wherever it was, they met and—can she really have forgotten?—fell in love. She says he must be joking. He insists he isn't, and begins to remind her of things he says they said, things he says they did. She can't remember the events he describes, or says she can't. Is she lying? Is he lying? Are both of them telling the truth? Has he simply confused



SEYRIG & ALBERTAZZI IN "MARIENBAD"
Nothing happens, and all at once.

her with another girl? Has she simply forgotten the affair? Whatever the case, he continues to fill her mind with images that slowly come to seem more real than the everyday reality of her life, that slowly persuade her to imagine they were really in love—or perhaps persuade her to remember they were really in love. Does it matter which? What is reality, if not what one thinks it is?

Resnais finds an abstruse answer to his question. Reality, he suggests, is a Platonic allegory, in which human experiences are merely the image and shadow of divine things, in which human lives, like crystals, fulfill a cosmic lattice. Specifically, Resnais suggests that hero and heroine represent The Eternal Masculine and The Eternal Feminine, which stand impersonal in stone and larger than life in the palace garden. Generally, he seems to be saying that all men and women live, or can live, more than merely personal lives, that all lives potentially contain, as these two lives contain, elements of legend—the experience of the labyrinth, a struggle between Death and the Maiden, a sleeping beauty and an awakening prince.

These quasi-mythological experiences, Resnais suggests, constitute a cure for the fashionable malady of unbeing, and to elucidate them he has instigated an Einsteinian revolution of cinema. He applies the principle of relativity to the art of film, as Picasso applied it to painting and Schoenberg to music. The result is true cubistic cinema, in which reality is "dismantled," as Resnais puts it, and reassembled in such a way that it seems to be experienced in every aspect simultaneously—one French critic describes the result as "total cinema."

To begin with, Resnais annihilates time by chopping his story into short scenes—

the shortest of them lasts less than a tenth of a second—and shuffling the scenes so thoroughly that no sense of chronological continuity, no sense of story remains. From first frame to last, the film goes bouncing like a pingpong ball in a washing machine through four kinds of time: future, past, present, conditional.

In the conditional tense Resnais shows events that might have happened, but didn't; events imagined in daydreams or potentiated by lies. Well and good, but which scenes are real and which imaginary? No way of knowing. Do things that happen in the future affect things that happen in the past? They seem to, but the spectator seldom has a definite clue. Indeed, he has only the tenuous clue of light and costume changes to tell him when he is watching a flashback, when a flash-forward.

To confound confusion further, Resnais with consistent cubism multiplies his point of view as he relativizes time. Some scenes take place in the woman's mind, some in the lover's; some in neither, some in both at once; some even seem to take place in the man-who-may-be-her-husband's mind. Resnais' people are people without point of view, without personality: objects not subjects, breathing furniture, events of merely statistical interest. And his world is a world without time, without history or possibility: music at stillstand, a self-erasing poem. Meticulously, the artist has attempted to create an unstructured reality that, like a Rorschach blot, invites the beholder to build into it his own reality, to enhance it with his personal interpretation. He has attempted to create a miraculous object that is all things to all men.

Has he succeeded? Partly. Even moviegoers who dislike the picture will feel iritably impelled to discuss, to analyze, to interpret what it means. Even those who find high baroque as gay as Resnais finds it "lugubre," will admit that in his film the glorious old palace—actually a combination of three German palaces: Nymphenburg, Schleissheim and Oranienburg—glows like a lotus in the moonlight. Even those who groan at the drone of the narrator's tone will admit that his words are often poetry ("We live here, side by side, like two coffins buried in a frozen garden"). Even those who find the film cluttered with technique will admit that the technique is masterful.

Nevertheless, there is one trick that Director Resnais, with all his perspicacity, has failed to bring off: the trick of holding the spectator's attention. Watching this movie is like listening to 93 consecutive minutes of twelve-tone music: the effort exhausts, what at first is hypnotic at last is soporific. If time is a device to prevent everything from happening at once, what is needed in *Marienbad* is a device to prevent nothing from happening at once. And even those who escape exhaustion will not escape the suspicion that the luminous and subtle beauty of Resnais' film, like the image in a child's teleidoscope, is actually just an immensely intricate refraction of—a bit of fluff?

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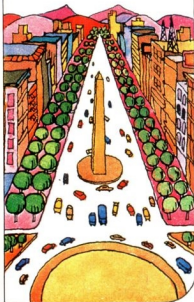
SIP WINE SO FINE EVEN THE FRENCH IMPORT IT.

But the finest Chilean wines stay home. *Everybody* drinks wine in Chile. In fact, it's always included in the price of your meal. Concentrate on the reds—like Tocornal, as elegant as the name suggests.



TAKE A WHIRL DOWN THE WORLD'S WIDEST STREET.

Buenos Aires has it—Ninth-of-July Avenue. Here, too, is the world's longest street—Calle Rivadavia. And one of the most tantalizing—Calle Florida, where vicuñas and alligators turn up as coats and shoes.





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MEDICINE

Call for Caution

The very means that man uses to conquer or prevent disease have a way of turning on him unless he uses caution. Last week, in the *A.M.A. Journal*, doctors warned of two invaluable aids to medicine that need to be handled with great care.

Monkey Danger. Thousands of lives have been saved with polio vaccines made from virus grown in cells from monkeys' kidneys. But monkeys harbor a mysterious "monkey virus B," which is nearly always fatal in man. At least 18 lab workers, write Drs. Frances M. Love and Erwin Jungherr of Lederle Laboratories, have become infected with "monkey B"—and many other cases have gone undiagnosed.

Monkeys carry the virus without showing any ill effects. But in a case described by Physician Love and Veterinarian Jungherr, a 24-year-old lab worker came down with a bewildering variety of symptoms after going to work as a monkey handler, developed a polio-like stiffness of the neck and died. The autopsy showed that monkey virus B had spread through his lungs, heart, spinal cord and brain.

Virus B belongs to the herpes family, and the victim may have been infected by saliva—a monkey's spit may be as bad as its bite. Lederle now allows only specially trained personnel, following rigid rules, to be near its temperamental monkeys.

Chancy Shots. In similar danger is the do-it-yourselfer who has gashed himself with a dirty hack saw. Since too few people ever have a tetanus booster, and fewer can remember when, his doctor often recommends a shot of antitoxin, designed for emergency use on nonvaccinated patients. This, says Milwaukee's Dr. H. William Bardenwerper, is probably the chanciest thing the doctor could do. Of 2,000,000 tetanus antitoxin shots given annually in the U.S., an estimated 300,000 to 600,000 result in serum sickness, some in severe, possibly crippling serum neuritis. Antitoxin may cause 20 or more deaths a year.

The risk is nearly always needless, says Dr. Bardenwerper. Although tetanus (lock-jaw) itself can be deadly, it can best be guarded against with a toxoid shot, which is made from killed tetanus bacteria and, unlike the antitoxin, contains no animal protein and virtually never causes serious reactions. The public, complains Dr. Bardenwerper, has had too little prodding from doctors on the importance of vaccination with tetanus toxoid, and still less on the need for booster shots every four or five years. Even if the patient has had no recent shots, there is generally no need for antitoxin; before tetanus can develop, there is usually time to start building up active immunity with the toxoid.

Cancer: Progress Reports

The American Cancer Society assembled leading researchers in Phoenix this week for an exchange of progress reports. Among the significant findings:

- ▶ Though scarce and "very costly," said



DR. LOVE (RIGHT) & MONKEY
A spit can be as bad as a bite.

Yale University's Dr. Robert E. Handschumacher, a new drug shows unique promise in relieving the crises of adult patients suffering from some forms of acute leukemia. Earlier anti-leukemic drugs worked mostly in children and were almost as poisonous to the patient as to his cancerous cells. But 6-azauridine, which has to be injected, and a still newer chemical variant that can be taken by mouth apparently do not poison the patient's blood, brain or guts. They have helped severely ill patients for five or six weeks; now the researchers are trying to find drug combinations to achieve longer-lasting benefits.

▶ X rays can be made far more effective in treating (and sometimes curing) localized cancers if the area can be pretreated with a hydrogen-peroxide solution injected into an artery, reported Baylor University's Dr. John T. Mallams. While limited in application, because no widespread and few deep cancers can be attacked this way, the method shows promise for cancers of the skin, mouth, and even some in the brain.

▶ Who gets lung cancer and what type he gets may depend partly on constitutional factors, suggested Dr. Sheldon C. Sommers of La Jolla. The commonest form (epidermoid bronchogenic carcinoma) is associated not only with irritation from industrial fumes or heavy smoking, but also with a high level of male sex hormones in the patients. Adenocarcinoma, less common, is the usual form in women and in men with high outputs of female hormones. A third type, called "oat-cell" or undifferentiated, occurs in men whose adrenal glands put out an excess of cortisone-type hormones.

▶ By incubating ribonucleic acid (RNA) and protein from normal red cells with immature cells from victims of sickle-cell anemia, Cleveland's Dr. Austin S. Weissberger effected a crossover: the growing cells picked up the normal RNA and protein and, with it, the power to make normal hemoglobin. Cautiously, Dr. Weissberger hopes that similar methods may be developed for treating cancers of the blood.

Why don't the drops fall?

● Why do they stick to the twig? Where did they come from? When will they fall?

The questions of a child come as a summer shower. Suddenly. Insistently. Giving life to new growth.

And this is as it should be.

For "curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind." So wrote Samuel Johnson in 1751.

And today, as perhaps never before in history, there is need for vigorous minds with restless curiosity.

That is why Shell provides scholarships and research grants to students who never stop asking "why." And unique Shell Merit Fellowships help science teachers find new techniques for answering these questions.

When the questing spirit is encouraged, when childlike curiosity matures with increasing knowledge, men and women emerge who cannot let questions go unanswered. We know at Shell Research what such perseverance can produce. Chemical lubricants which will lengthen the life of guided missile bearings. Better fertilizers, herbicides and insecticides to increase the world's food supply. These are end results of asking why.

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

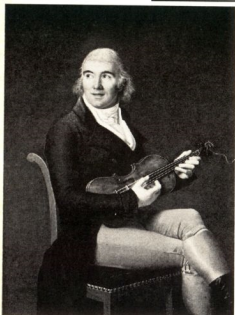
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FRICK'S "BRUNI": MISTAKEN IDENTITY

David's Admirers

Whatever inspiration they may have given him in life, women have been something of a cross to the fame of Jacques-Louis David, the painter-prophet of the French Revolution. Eleven years ago, Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art announced the unhappy fact that one of its most popular paintings—a portrait of a young woman, attributed to David and valued at some \$100,000—was not by David at all. The real artist was Constance Marie Charpentier, an obscure but obviously admiring David follower. Last week, David was in the news again. In the scholarly French review *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Dealer Georges Wildenstein proclaimed that another painting attributed to David—a portrait of the violinist Antonio Bartolommeo Bruni, which the Frick Museum bought in 1952—was actually another female admirer, Mme. Césarine Henriette Flöre Davin-Mirvault.

The Met's 1951 announcement was the result of some alert detective work by Charles Sterling, curator of the Louvre and for a while the Met's foreign adviser. After noting certain stylistic deficiencies in the portrait of the young woman, Sterling found documentation in the form of an obscure album containing drawings of every single painting exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1801. David had boycotted the exhibition—but the album contained several works by Constance Charpentier that year, including the painting thought to have been a David. Recently Dealer Wildenstein went back to the same album, which also includes sketches for the Salon of 1804. There he came upon the Frick's David under "Painting No. 114."

But the legend in the catalogue read: "Mme. Davin-Mirvault, portrait of Signor Bruni, composer, former conductor of the orchestra at the Opéra-Comique."

Mme. Davin, the daughter of a geographer and the goddaughter of a marquis, presided over small dinner parties that artists and musicians, now long forgotten, loyally attended. She exhibited fairly often, was always listed in catalogues as a pupil of David. But had she even known the violinist named Bruni? For the answer to that, Wildenstein went to the diaries of a certain Mme. Moitte, one of Mme. Davin's catty friends. On Feb. 3, 1806, Mme. Moitte went to Mme. Davin's for dinner. She reported that the wine was inferior, that the fried cakes were undercooked, and that the candles "reeked of grease." As a final social note, she added that Mme. Davin sang and that Signor Bruni "played the violin."

Out of the Dark Room

During his 83 years of life, Painter John Marin knew both popular and critical acclaim, but there were times when he felt a touch of bitterness. While the public and critics applauded his fluid watercolors, his oils were so assiduously ignored that Marin used to refer to his ever-increasing stock of unsold canvases as his "Dark Room Collection." Since his death in 1953, admirers have been trying to focus more light on the dark room. Their efforts came to a climax last week with the opening of a major Marin retrospective at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Of the 91 paintings on display, more than a third are oils, a medium in which the famed watercolorist was fully at home.

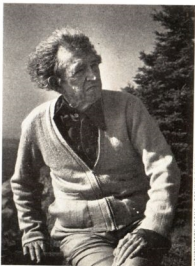
In many ways, it took Marin 40 years to find himself. Raised by two maiden aunts in Weehawken, N.J. (his mother died nine days after his birth), he attended Stevens Institute of Technology for a year, drifted from job to job, spent six frustrating years trying to turn himself into an architect. Finally, he went to Paris to study art—and in 1909 had the luck to meet Photographer Edward Steichen. As soon as Steichen got back to Manhattan, he showed a few Marin watercolors to his old friend Alfred Stieglitz, whose now legendary gallery was the first to show such men as Cézanne, Picasso and Matisse in the U.S. Marin took his place alongside them.

Go! Inside a Prism. In his early work, Marin seemed under the influence of Whistler, but he quickly acquired a stamp wholly his own. He was fascinated by force, energy, bustle and movement, and this obsession dictated a fresh technique. The smooth surface of his watercolors began to crumble into fragments, as if each scene he painted had jumped inside a

prism. Everything was recognizable, but everything was also slightly out of place, tipped or distorted to give a sense of motion. Of his watercolors, Marin insisted: "Painting is like golf; the fewer the strokes I take, the better the picture." But for all its spontaneity and fragility, the watercolor sometimes seemed too delicate. It could catch a breeze or a mist; a storm demanded something more robust. The oils to which Marin turned retained the fluidity of his watercolors, but they often achieved a deeper intensity.

In Sea after Hurricane, finished in 1938, Marin showed the water still at boiling point but gave his textured waves a solidity that adds weight and menace to their churning. In *Morning Scene*, painted eleven years later, Marin broke up the scene with bold black lines that are almost calligraphic. The mountains become a series of Ms; the harsh foreground is a powerful scribble. The right angle poised in the sky, while extending the mountainous skyline, also does a good deal more. It could symbolize a sail, a rainbow, or even the basic order lying beneath nature's turbulent surface. It is the first thing that catches the eye and is thus the gateway to the entire composition.

"God Be Praise!" "Seems to me," said Marin, "the true artist must perforce go from time to time to the elemental big forms—sky, sea, mountain, plain—to sort of re-true himself up, to recharge the battery. But to express these, you have to love these, to be a part of these in sympathy." Marin's sympathy lasted to the end. From his home in Cape Split, Me., he dashed off one of his last notes to a friend just when nature was erupting all around him. "The Hurricane has just hit," he said, "The Seas are Glorious—Magnificent—Tremendous. God be praised that I have yet the vision to see these things."



PAINTER MARIN: MATTER OF LOVE

© After which it will go to the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, N.H., whose director, Charles E. Buckley, was largely responsible for assembling the paintings.



IN "MORNING SCENE: SEA AND LEDGES," JOHN MARIN SAW NATURE AS GEOMETRIC FORMS

"SEA AFTER HURRICANE—CAPE SPLIT, MAINE" CATCHES SEETHING AFTERMATH OF A STORM



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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

The Age of Noise

The Air Force calls it "The Sound of Freedom." The airline industry calls it the price of progress. The people who live near the major military airbases and commercial airports around the U.S. call it sheer hell.

It is all three. It is the thunderclap of a sonic boom produced by a supersonic aircraft, and the nerve-racking whine and roar of jetliners as they take off and land. Together they add up to a sore domestic problem that will increase in quantum jumps in the years ahead.

Sonics and Suits. This possibility had not occurred to the majority of groundlings in the U.S. until last week, when a Supreme Court decision lowered a sonic boom of its own. Ruled the court in a 7-2 decision: local airport authorities are liable for damages if aircraft noise and vibration make life miserable for homeowners who live near an airport.

As soon as the decision hit the wires, the sound wave that reverberated most across the U.S. was the tinkling of telephones as householders called their lawyers and ordered them to start suing. In most major cities, suits were already pending. In New York alone, 809 Long Island property owners are waiting to go to court against 40 airlines and the Port of New York Authority, which runs the three major metropolitan airports. In Seattle, 250 homeowners are suing the Port of Seattle for millions. Los Angeles International Airport will soon be slapped with claims from 3,000 residents. In Chicago, where the complaints from residents living near O'Hare Field run to more than 30 a month, attorneys are hurriedly putting their briefs together. In Dallas, 35 citizens are pressing suits for \$10,000 to \$12,000 apiece. In nearly every case, the homeowners' claims are the same: the roaring nuisance of the planes has reduced property values, shattered nerves, damaged property.

Through the Window. The case upon which the court made its ruling was brought by a Pittsburgh attorney, Thomas N. Griggs, 57. When he bought a 19-acre estate outside town in 1945, it was surrounded by pleasantly rolling open country. Then in 1952, the county built the Greater Pittsburgh Airport. From his bed at night, Griggs could see the planes take off from the end of the airport runway about 3,000 ft. from his house and head straight toward his window, and then rise in a scary whoosh about 150 ft. above his chimney. "I would be awakened and couldn't go back to sleep until the planes had stopped," he said. "When the windows were open in the summer, the planes would stop conversation inside the house itself. I have had people seated at my dinner table, and they'd look out the dining-room window and see the planes coming over the trees headed toward the house. That sort of thing you get sensitive

about." Even Griggs' wife, who is so hard of hearing that "you had to virtually shout in her ear," was awakened by the planes' vibrations. Windows rattled; plaster fell in the living and dining rooms. Running from one side of the house to another, Lawyer Griggs chased after the planes to note their markings so that he could substantiate his complaints with the airlines.

At length, Griggs stuffed himself with sleeping pills and his ears with plugs, but it was no use. He finally leased a small cottage to which he and his wife retreated when they anticipated a busy



Zoom over Los Angeles

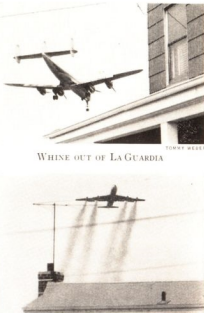
Supposing it lands in the living room.

night on the runway. A representative of the Airline Pilots Association further aggravated his fears with the admission that "in event of motor failure on take-off, pilots would have no recourse but to plow into my house." In 1953 Griggs filed suit against the airport. In 1956 he sold his house and five acres to the St. Philip's Episcopal Church (whose congregation has since been bothered only a few times on Sunday mornings; when that happens, says Pastor Donald Clawson, "we simply stop and say a little silent prayer for the pilot"). Griggs won his case, was awarded \$12,600 in damages, but the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled that Allegheny County was not liable. The U.S. Supreme Court's decision reversed the Pennsylvania Court. Now Griggs will be entitled to seek higher damages against the county before a jury.

Bulls & Chickens. In this case, as in thousands of others, the courts will decide on the merits of claims and on dollar amounts. But beyond the courtroom looms the bigger question of how the U.S.

proposes to accommodate itself to an ever noisier jet age. The first railroad trains scared the living daylight out of people; in the early 1800s, anti-railroad interests spread dark warnings among farmers that the trains made bulls impotent and dried up cows' udders. For the air age, the classic case was *U.S. v. Causby* (1946), in which the Supreme Court held that low-flying military aircraft had so badly disturbed barnyard life on a North Carolina chicken farm as to make the chicken business there impossible.

To keep chickens and the human populace at peace, the Federal Government and the airlines have spent millions of dollars. Noise-suppressors have been installed on commercial jet engines. But



Roar from Idlewild

they weigh 400 lbs. apiece, thus not only reducing the payload but also cutting the engine's power. Most airports now have specific regulations for direction, lift-off and landing, all aimed at keeping noise and annoyance to a minimum. Glide paths are established that require planes to make their ascents and descents sharply. Many airports specify the use of runways that take ear-blasting traffic away from residential areas.

Plane Fear. Some airports have gone so far as to suspend jet traffic completely during certain hours; in Montreal and London, no jet flights move between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. But appeasing the neighborhood complainers can add to the pilot's problems. At Idlewild, for example, planes using Runway 31-Left are ordered to climb sharply and turn sharp left seconds after take-off to avoid passing over populous Jamaica—which is exactly the procedure followed by the American Airlines jet that crashed into Jamaica Bay (see SCIENCE).

Some experts claim that it is not the

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noise that bothers people so much as the fear of falling aircraft that it engenders. Says Jack F. Ramsberger, executive director of the National Air Transport Co-ordinating Committee: "People still don't know much about planes. Only about 15% of the population uses airplanes. When most people hear a plane go over the house again and again, they get the feeling they might find it in the living room some day." Most complaints come during the warm months, adds Ramsberger. "Every year summer comes, the windows open, people are re-exposed, and we get a rash of complaints. The people believe something new is happening. The only thing that happened is that they opened their windows."

Even with the windows closed the year-round, the noise and nerve-numbing will continue—and get worse with the advent of supersonic commercial traffic. Nothing can be done to stop a sonic boom,* though the sound can be attenuated somewhat by flying at altitudes higher than 30,000 ft. The only way to avoid bothering the neighbors with other jet noises is to make sure that an airport authority buys enough land for a buffer zone around its property. Washington's new Dulles International Airport, for instance, will have special 1,000-ft.-wide belts of closely planted trees at the ends of each of the two-mile-long runways. This foliage will help cut down the noise. But for many metropolitan airports that are already tightly ringed by communities, it is too late to do anything more than pay the claims made by surrounding residents and hope that they move away soon.

* The biggest boom yet of the supersonic age hit only last week, when a four-jet B-58 Hustler streaked nonstop from Los Angeles to New York and back in a record-smashing 4 hr. 42 min., at an overall average of 1,044.3 m.p.h. Also smashed: countless windows and brick-a-brac, shattered by the continuous sonic boom that the plane created. One Air Force officer had predicted before the flight: "This ought to be good for an air speed of 1,300 m.p.h. and a ground speed of 13,000 broken windows."

THE HOME

New Products

Since the manufacturers of high-fidelity equipment first discovered that people have two ears—and therefore need two of everything else—stereophonic sound has become big business and has given the hi-fi industry a shot in the tone arm. Newest items in stereo gadgetry:

► For the listener who wants to taste stereo's delights on the cheap, here is the Pioneer Stereoscope. A simple, nonelectronic stereo system that requires no amplifiers, wires or speakers, it operates like a doctor's stethoscope attached to a special phonograph tone arm by plastic tubes. The tone arm can be attached to owner's present turntable; an adapter enables as many as four people to hook in their stethoscopes, hover over the set like surgeons on a joint operation. Price: \$9.95.

► For the far-gone addict, there is Suburbia's newest blandishment: the Stereo House, a gimmick dreamed up by Builder-Promoter Al Horowitz of Jericho, L.I. Equipped with Harmon-Kardon audio components, the 1½-story living room features a splayed ceiling to disperse stereo sound in all directions (no more searching for the ideal chair to listen from), is separate from the rest of the house. Amplifiers may be cranked up to full decibels ahead without danger of tumbling the walls of Jericho. Price of house and full-scale equipment: \$24,990.

► For the homeowner who wants stereo not only from wall to wall but from basement to attic, there is the Musical-Aire system, manufactured by Chicago's Roger Mark Corp. Two special speakers are wired to home stereo amplifier, then fastened limpet-like to the ducts of the furnace—channel A to the hot-air duct, channel B to the cold-air return. Thus wherever the heat flows, music is wafted into every room as sepulchral as the voice of Marley's ghost; the soprano trills from atop the cupboard, the tenor sings from under the bed. Price: \$99.95.

► For the stereophile who wants to take



THE KOSS PERSONAL LISTENER
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it with him but is leary about disturbing motel neighbors or officemates with blasts of three-dimensional sound, the Koss Personal Listener provides a four-speed turntable, a stereo amplifier with individual channel volume controls, plus a pair of wide-range stereo earphones. The whole business packs neatly into a leatherette carrying case; there are provisions for two sets of earphones for "his" and "hers" listening. Price: \$136.

FASHION

"Potent Force"

No fashion writer is more alert or more knowledgeable than the New York *Herald Tribune's* petite, saucy Eugenia Sheppard. Herself a taste setter by virtue of that which she chooses to ignore, Fashion Editor Sheppard delights in telling her readers as much about the people who wear good clothes as about those who design them. Last week she told of her attempts to scout out the details of the wardrobe that Jacqueline Kennedy had assembled for her trip to Asia.

"The day," she wrote, "started out black with the bald announcement that Mrs. Kennedy's trip was 'purely political' and that she wanted the fashion angle played down. Fashion hasn't had such a slap in the face in years. Second to politics? It was enough to make any fashion editor see red.

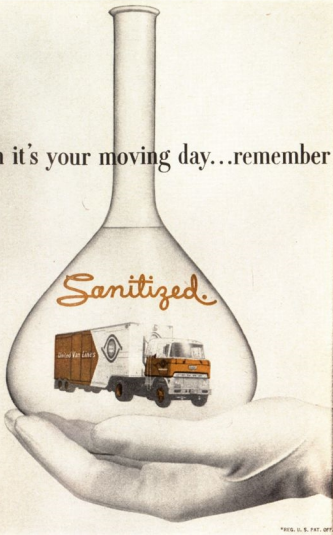
"The shopping trail wasn't too hard to follow since a leak from the White House last week mentioned the Park Avenue shop, Chez Ninon, and California Designer Gus Tassell as supplying the clothes, along with the official Cassini.

"Naturally, in true spy-story fashion, everybody denied everything. 'She wants to play it cool and I want to keep her wearing my clothes,' said Gus Tassell hoarsely, when we telephoned him in California. He had been fending off wire services, city desks and female fashion reporters all morning. It's a tough spot for a designer to be in."

Tassell, said Sheppard, "denied absolutely" that he had closed his factory for a week just to make Mrs. Kennedy's India wardrobe, and "feebly" denied that he had made up a special version of his Beauvais embroidered hall gown with flowers just on the long skirt. Explained Sheppard: "Orders from Mrs. Kennedy are accompanied usually by a polite note asking the store or manufacturer please not to tell." But somebody "is always sure to make somebody promise not to breathe a word, and that somebody is hot on the telephone to Mata Hari in a few minutes.

"Actually, it's not so much what Mrs. Kennedy is buying as the thinking behind it that makes the news. She stands for the simple, easy, sportswear type of fashions against the contrived kind. She stands for the Givenchy look and all its interpretations over here, as against the fussier French fashions. She stands for colors, and for forgetting all the nonsense about definite seasons. She is the most potent force in international fashion today."

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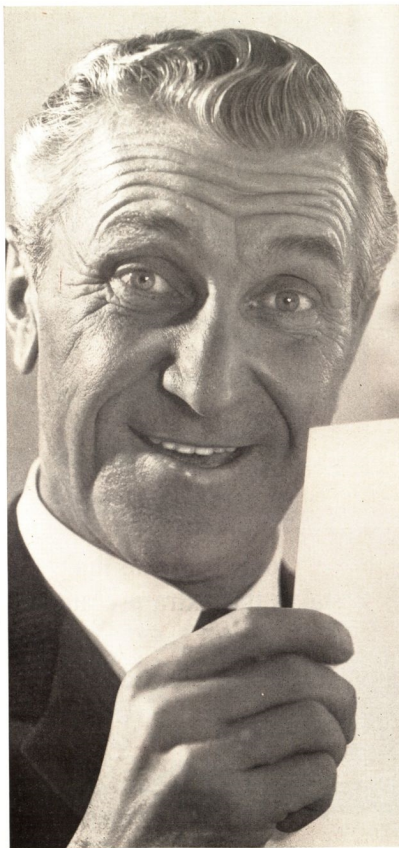
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RELIGION

The Changing Sermon

Ever since the Reformation put new emphasis upon the authority of Scripture, the pulpit has been the pride of Protestantism. Nowhere has this pride been more evident than in the U.S., where sermon-centered churches—notably the Baptists and Methodists—flourished with the conquest of the frontier, and such preachers as Henry Ward Beecher and Dwight Lyman Moody became as famous as Presidents, and perhaps as influential. Even today, the Protestant congregation's first question about a new minister for its church is likely to be: "Is he a good preacher?"

Good or bad, today's minister is sure to be a different preacher from the ones

Hill Baptist Church, "had the ability to produce a temporary emotional excitement. Today congregations are not as interested in sensationalism." While yesterday's preacher was probably the best-educated man in his community, today's minister peers out over a congregation that may include a majority of college graduates, a score of Ph.D.s. A preacher who dared to emulate the spectacular, sweat-drenched pulpit performances of an older time would likely make his audience squirm in their pews with embarrassment at best, rebellion at worst.

Outside of fundamentalist and Pentecostal churches, where congregational admiration for spellbinding lingers on, preaching today is generally low-keyed; instead of authoritatively telling their

nest probings of Christian theology, which today's congregations are increasingly anxious to hear explained and highlighted. "The sermon," says Washington's Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, "is more intellectually respectable. Life is more complex now. You can't just preach that God is love." Adds Dr. Carl Gordon Howie, pastor of San Francisco's Calvary Presbyterian Church: "Peace of mind is dead—er than a doornail."

In churches where the Protestant liturgical revival has taken hold (TIME, Dec. 22, 1961), sermon themes are often closely related to seasons of the ecclesiastical year. Ministers preach more frequently on Biblical themes because today's more sophisticated laymen are not so well schooled in the Bible—although perhaps more interested in its meaning—as their fathers were. Says Dean John Leffler of St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral in Seattle: "There is a tremendous hunger for a reason for the faith that is in them."

Wanted: Confederate Veteran. If preachers sometimes fail to measure up to the pulpit demands of their congregations, it is often because the Organization Church demands so much else of them. Ministers would like to follow Harry Emerson Fosdick's rule of thumb for sermon preparation—one hour in the study for each minute in the pulpit—but few of them can find the time. To Dr. Samuel Miller, dean of Harvard's Divinity School, congregations seem to "want everything: big operator, good manager, preacher, fund raiser, teen-age adviser, moderator of the old ladies' guild—and in the South they want, if possible, a veteran of the Confederate Army under 30 years of age."

Even when he can find the time for some sort of minimal preparation, many a younger minister finds himself inadequately trained in homiletics, the art of the pulpit. Since congregations want ministers who are everything from theologian to thaumaturge, seminaries place proportionately less emphasis on preaching skill than they used to. Students themselves often become so interested in the intellectual challenge of new theologies, psychology and pastoral sociology that they lose sight of the need to communicate these insights. "They have the feeling," says Dr. Ralph Sockman, 72, the retired pastor of Manhattan's Methodist Christ Church, "that preaching doesn't affect lives. If they can help a man overcome a mental twist, they feel they are doing something."

Golden Combination. The mental twist of most congregations is a desire for good preaching—and that desire alone, many Protestant leaders feel, ought to improve the nation's standard of sermons. As they see it, the clergy's increased knowledge of relevant theology and the laity's increased concern for ultimate answers together may produce a new Golden Age of meaningful preaching. "Sermons are going to get better," insists Dr. Theodore Wedel, a canon of the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal). "By now the clergy is getting used to the religious revival—our churches are crowded—and now they're trying to



BOSTON'S FERRIS



LOS ANGELES' KENNEDY



MANHATTAN'S READ

Peace of mind is dead—er than a doornail.

his father heard. Like the U.S. itself, the sermon is in permanent revolution. The florid, Bible-based oratory of the 19th century has largely disappeared from the pulpit—and so has most of the exhortatory preaching based on the "social gospel" that urged man to make God his partner in correcting economic and social evil. Even the familiar "life situation" sermon, with its emphasis upon individual moral uplift, is giving ground to a new and timely emphasis in Protestant oratory: theological exploration of the fundamental tenets of Christian doctrine.

Whether this new—or actually revised—emphasis is accompanied by the quality of preaching it deserves is a matter of debate among preachers themselves. Charged Pastor Merle G. Franke of Chicago in a recent issue of the Lutheran magazine *Ecclesia Plantanda*: "One of the most disturbing elements in the church today is the deterioration in the art of preaching." But Dr. Kyle Haselden, who reads as many as 50 sermons a week as editor of the nondenominational magazine *The Pulpit*, defends his contemporaries. Says he: "The level of preaching in Protestant churches is higher than in the past."

Squirming in the Pews. The standout preachers of the past, says the Rev. Walfred Erickson, of suburban Seattle's Clyde

congregations what to do, ministers are more inclined to toss out an idea for the laity's critical inspection. Although today's sermon is often part of an expanding church service, it is generally shorter than the long-winded homily of the past. Says Dr. Robert Tate of San Antonio's Alamo Heights Methodist Church: "People worship the clock as well as God—run the service more than an hour and they start walking out on you." Brevity in the pulpit breeds order, and Dr. Lawrence Whitfield of San Francisco's Temple Methodist Church reflects the view of many ministers when he claims that sermons are "more coherently put together than they used to be." The new style of preaching has bred a chancelful of admired preachers: Los Angeles' Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy, Dr. David Read of Manhattan's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, San Francisco's Episcopal Bishop James Pike, and the Rev. Theodore Ferris of Boston's Trinity (Episcopal) Church.

Theological Probe. To meet the challenge of the sophisticated congregation that wants its message fast, straight and sensible, such preachers have changed the content of their sermons as well as their style. The problem-centered moral-uplift talks popularized by Manhattan's Norman Vincent Peale are being replaced by ear-

This thin panel stopped a meteorite

(man-made, traveling at 21,000 feet per second)



A steel pellet struck this panel at 21,000 feet per second — more than six times the speed of a high powered rifle bullet — but could not pierce it. It disintegrated after puncturing the outer metal skin, and dissipated all its energy without reaching the inner lining.

This composite honeycomb panel is one of the techniques Northrop is developing to protect spacecraft against meteorite collisions. The entire lightweight panel is less than half an inch thick, and the honeycomb is filled with

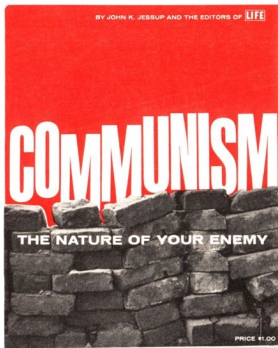
sealant to prevent air from escaping in case a particle should ever penetrate.

Though most of the meteorites a spacecraft is likely to encounter will be fine as dust, some may be as large as buckshot, and dense enough to puncture an ordinary metal skin. The search for materials to meet this hazard is another example of Northrop's practical work on the problems of space.

NORTHROP

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At the request of thousands of LIFE readers, the widely-discussed three-part series on Communism which appeared in LIFE last fall has now been expanded, with supplementary text, historic photographs and color illustrations into a valuable 8½" x 11", 80-page booklet. This much-needed, factual presentation has been prepared with LIFE's typical thoroughness and dramatic visual effectiveness. You will find among the many added features a fold-out map of the world in full-color showing the global scope of the Red offensive... special photographic essays—13 full-color pages—that show you up-to-date Russia and massive, regimented Red China... a 12-page text and picture history of the Russian revolution. This compact paperbound booklet, ideal for students, is available for only \$1.00. The global map specially created for this booklet is also available in an enlarged 5-foot size. This large, color map will be included with each order of the booklet for a total price of only \$1.25. Use the coupon now to order, and to find out about reduced rates on multiple-copy orders for schools, organizations, study groups, or employee distribution. Include remittance with order.



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utilize the presence of people in church by deepening people's understanding of what they're there for."

To which most congregations would answer: Amen.

Kennedy & the Confessional

In the darkness of a Washington confessional, the priest hears through the opaque screen a certain Harvard-trained Boston accent. The President of the U.S. has some problems to discuss with his confessor: "Would it be immoral for me to resume U-2 flights? May I or may I not support another invasion attempt by Cuban exiles? Am I offending God by my position against federal aid to parochial schools?"

Thus last week the Rev. John L. Reedy, editor of the Catholic weekly magazine



ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL²
Conscience comes first.

Ave Maria, imagined himself involved in a scene whose possibilities have bothered many Protestants and Jews. Like all Catholics, including the Pope, the nation's first Catholic President is bound by church law to go to confession at least once a year—and he has already been more than a year in office. For Catholics, non-Catholics, and any who feared that a Catholic President might try to resolve the nation's problems with the help of some unknown grey eminence in a confessional box, the fascinating speculation is: What would the Presidential confessor reply if such questions were asked?

In his own answer, Father Reedy suggested that non-Catholic fears have been

✱ At Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

✧ In fulfilling his obligation, the President is free to pick his confessor (most Catholics confess to whatever priest happens to be available) and to switch to another if he does not find him satisfactory. The Pope usually announces the identity of his own confessor, who is currently an old friend of his from Venice, Msgr. Alfredo Cavagna. But this procedure would obviously be impractical for the President, since it would focus embarrassing publicity on his confessor, attract undue attention to the President's private religious life.

misplaced. "On all these questions," he said at the annual Wisconsin Catholic Action Convention, "my advice as a confessor would be the same: 'You have the responsibility; you have to make your own decisions.' I could talk principles, but the difficulty in these discussions lies in the fantastically complex set of concrete circumstances, the President would be expert, not the confessor. No one—bishop, pastor or confessor—can free him from the responsibility for making his own decision on matters of this kind. I know of no wise confessor who would dare impose an obligation in such matters except in the most clear-cut cases of dishonesty."

Since President Kennedy has taken some public positions which do not agree with those of the Catholic hierarchy, said Father Reedy, "a few of the religious spokesmen who voiced the gravest pre-election fears have unfairly implied that Mr. Kennedy is a good Catholic President because he is a bad Catholic. The judgment flows from an ignorance of the Catholic's personal responsibility to his conscience, from an ignorance of the ordinary relationships between the Catholic and his confessor."

Another Psalm?

The Old Testament contains 150 psalms that both Christians and Jews accept as divinely inspired. But the unknown compilers of the Psalter had hundreds of songs, most of them long ago lost, to choose from. Last week the Palestine Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem released the first translation of a newly discovered Hebrew poem that at one time may have been included among the canonical psalms.

The psalm comes from the most important of recent Dead Sea Scroll discoveries: a blackened, decaying goatskin Psalter that was dug up near Wadi Qumran by a Bedouin in 1956. After long and careful treatment, the scroll was unrolled by James A. Sanders, professor of Old Testament at Colgate Rochester Divinity School. "All it required," said Dr. Sanders, who took ten days for the delicate job, "was a penknife, a humidifier and guts."

Written down between A.D. 30 and 50, the Psalter scroll was presumably used for worship by the Essenes—a community of Jewish ascetics who were wiped out by Roman legions about 30 years after Christ's death. The new scroll, partly damaged by water, contains 39 hymns found in the Biblical Psalter and three noncanonical psalms that scholars had previously seen in Greek, Syriac or Aramaic, but not in Hebrew. Two others are entirely new; the one that Sanders has translated is "an apostrophe to Zion." Sample lines, from his English version: *Hope for thee does not perish, O Zion, nor is hope for thee forgotten. Who has ever perished in righteousness or who has ever survived in iniquity? Man is tested according to his way. Every man is required according to his deeds. All about are thine enemies cut off, O Zion, and all who hate thee are scattered.*

Love Letters to Rambler



Earl N. Lyman

Earl N. Lyman, formerly of Minneapolis, now of Bridgefield, Minn., proudly writes of pleasant trips West in his Rambler Classic Six with

overdrive, and encloses a wonderfully complete record of gasoline and oil mileage. He says:

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"On a three weeks' trip to Los Angeles, with five passengers and with five suitcases in the trunk, there wasn't a single complaint of being crowded or cramped for leg room. In 6970 miles, it figures exactly 25 miles per gal.—and we made countless stops to take pictures. My wife is shorter than average and appreciates the individually adjustable front seats. I now have 31,000 miles, and have had no repairs other than regular check-ups."

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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

from TIME Publisher's Letter

NAA is at work in the fields of the future



From that building comes something to help

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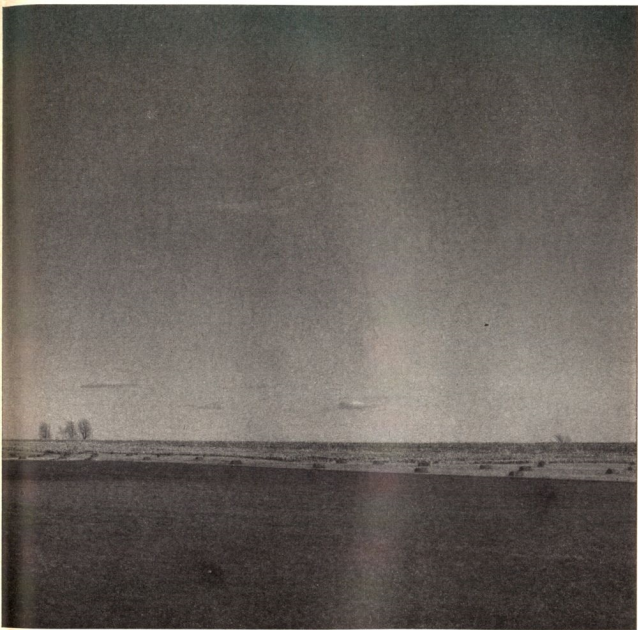
In that building, which seems so insignificant on the immense horizon, is something that helps enrich the lives and lighten the work of thousands of people.

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But not in the usual way.

For in that building is a *nuclear* power plant—a plant that produces electricity through the use of the peaceful atom.

The reactor for this nuclear power plant was designed and built by the Atomics International Division of North American Aviation. It was developed for the Atomic Energy Commission, and will be operated by the Consumers Public Power District near Hallam, Nebraska. This plant will produce 75,000 kilowatts of electricity and will yield design and



people see, eat, laugh, work, and keep warm.

operating information that will lead to larger, even more advanced, nuclear plants.

Atomics International is now building another reactor for a power station in the City of Piqua, Ohio. Other advanced reactor studies are under way for utilities in the Southwest and in New York State.

Companies like North American Aviation are working with America's electric utilities to help meet the growing need for electricity. Their efforts will assure a continuing supply of the power that helps us see, eat, laugh, work, and keep warm.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Trade Fight: Round I

As a wary Congress prepared to open hearings on John Kennedy's broad new bill to expand U.S. trade abroad, the President tried shrewdly last week to unstarth the protectionists' arguments. He released the facts and figures of the final tariff-chopping deal under the expiring Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act to show that his Yankee traders did very well indeed.

In a swap with 25 nations (mostly in Western Europe), the U.S. granted tariff cuts on imports that had a 1960 trade value of \$2.9 billion, in return got tariff reductions on U.S. exports with a value of \$4.3 billion. With Europe's six Common Market countries alone, the U.S. bargainers gained concessions on exports worth \$1.6 billion in return for cuts on \$1.2 billion worth of imports. "We've won a one-sided deal from the Common Market," said an Administration spokesman, "but we can't do it again. Next time we must be prepared to pay more."

Something for the Girls. The usual tariff cut amounted to 20%, though some were notably higher. In the reduction involving the biggest volume of trade, the U.S. pared the duty on foreign cars by about \$21.50, while Europe lowered its tariffs against U.S. autos by \$126. Though President Kennedy singled out this deal to crow about, the reduction will scarcely help Detroit because the Common Market's new auto tariff against outsiders is still a stiff 25% (v. the U.S.'s 6½%), and exorbitant excise and horsepower taxes increase the European price of Ford's Comet to about \$5,000. The U.S. also agreed to tariff easing on certain machinery, electrical gear, steel products, glassware and diamonds. Europe countered with lighter duties on radio and TV transmitters, planes and aircraft parts.

Kennedy timed these details to come out just before the House Ways and Means Committee begins hearings this

week on his more ambitious new trade program because, as an aide says, "We expect a rough, bloody fight." Congress is always reluctant to surrender power to the White House. Now it is being asked to empower the President to cut most tariffs in half and to sweep them away altogether in industries in which the U.S. and Western Europe dominate world production, e.g., cars and trucks, farm and office machines, planes, coal, rubber products.

In this campaign, Kennedy is bringing up his heaviest artillery. This week's lead-off witness, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, is expected to point out that of last year's \$15 billion in U.S. imports, \$9 billion worth consisted of raw materials that actually helped to make U.S. jobs. Afterward, Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg will stress that the Kennedy bill provides for Government "adjustment assistance" to companies, managers and workers who are damaged by trade liberalization. Also going up to testify: Treasury's Dillon, Agriculture's Freeman, Defense's McNamara, and free-trading spokesmen for everyone from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to the League of Women Voters.

The Administration's great good luck is that Congress now has no articulate and commanding protectionist zealot. But there will be abundant opposition from Congressmen whose home folks stand to feel an import pinch, and from armies of lobbyists from such industries as textiles, chemicals, glass and electronics.

Smashing Some Icons. Much of the controversy swirls around the President's attempts to undermine two oldtime safeguards against import dislocations. One is the "peril point" clause, which permits the Tariff Commission to recommend the lowest "safe" tariff on many items and then pretty well binds the President to accept its recommendation. The other is the "escape clause," which permits the Tariff Commission to recommend higher duties if an industry is able to show sub-

stantial import damage. In the wide agreement announced last week, Kennedy bravely pierced the peril point 61 times, and said he did so to save the negotiations from collapsing entirely.

If times were more normal, with neither Communism nor the Common Market to worry about, Jack Kennedy would probably settle for slower change. But with the Common Market radically razing internal tariffs and raising a common external tariff, there is an urgent feeling in the White House that the U.S. needs to take radical measures itself if it is to sell to the yearning European Common Market of 170 million people, and to preserve its \$2 billion surplus in trade with Europe. More important, this may well be the last opportunity to keep the Western world from being split into two rival economic blocs—a development that could only benefit its enemies.

PUBLIC POLICY

King Cotton's Ransom

President Kennedy has been fighting conspicuously for lower tariffs. But to win Southern congressional votes for his trade program as a whole, the President is reverting to unabashed protectionism for the tattered textile industry. Last week, amid howls of protest from textile-shipping Japan and Hong Kong, the U.S. Tariff Commission was considering Kennedy's call for an 8½¢-per-lb. tariff on imported cotton textiles. Simultaneously, the Administration was pressing 19 textile-producing foreign nations to sign a five-year gentlemen's agreement that in effect would freeze foreign exports of cotton textiles to the U.S. at roughly 1961 levels. The White House is also considering a



AUTOMATED HARVEST IN CALIFORNIA

Penalizing efficiency to protect the unproductive.



HAND-PICKER IN GEORGIA

plan to slap similar restrictions on foreign wool, silk and synthetics.

Blaming the Foreigners. U.S. textilemen, so fiercely independent by nature that they seldom agree on anything, are virtually unanimous in their cry for Government help. A clutter of hundreds of savagely competing firms, the textile industry is dogged by the fact that since World War II, Americans have steadily reduced the percentage of their income they spend on clothes. As a result, U.S. production of cotton goods has fallen 2% since 1947, prices have shrunk 3%, and textile jobs have declined from 1,325,000 to 840,000. For the industry as a whole, profits run less than 2¢ on the dollar, which is one reason why textile stocks are selling below their book values and why textile wages are 20% below the U.S. manufacturing average of \$2.10 an hour. With foreign textile wages lower yet, U.S. textilemen complain that they are now being overwhelmed by imports and want to suppress them. But, since imports have only 5% of the U.S. market, a few industry leaders are coming to realize that the anti-import argument does not wash too well.

"Many of our problems are of our own making," admits articulate James Robison, 46, president of Indian Head Mills. Partly because most textile firms are too small and partly out of shortsightedness, the industry spends only one-tenth of 1%

of its sales on research. By contrast, the enterprising chemical makers invest 6% of their sales on research—and have reaped billion-dollar dividends with the synthetics and plastics that are rapidly slicing away textile markets.

Clobbering the Taxpayers. But the biggest single cause of the textilemen's woes is the Government support programs for cotton (which still accounts for two-thirds of all the fiber used in the U.S.). To perpetuate the unproductive but politically potent cotton farmers of the Southeast—and the thousands of small Southern businessmen who live off them—the U.S. props cotton prices at 33¢ a lb. v. the comparable world price of 24½¢. This artificially high U.S. price, coupled with severe limitations on imports of raw cotton, saddles the U.S. textile industry with \$250 million a year in extra costs. At the same time, because foreigners refuse to pay the U.S. price, Washington subsidizes cotton exports to the tune of 8½¢ per lb.—which makes it possible for foreign textile makers to buy U.S. cotton at the low world price, then ship it back to the U.S. as cheap finished goods.

The cotton handout, which costs U.S. taxpayers \$365 million a year, has failed to stall the inexorable decline of the 200,000 marginal Southeastern cotton farmers, who cannot compete in world markets because they are growing the wrong crop

in the wrong place. It has gravely penalized the 35,000 bigger U.S. cotton growers, who could compete against any cotton growers anywhere if only given the freedom to do so. These efficiently automated farmers—mostly in the flat and well irrigated Mississippi Delta, the Texas plains and California's San Joaquin Valley—can work only a fraction of their productive lands because of acreage controls deliberately designed to favor small (less than 15 acres) and high-cost growers.

"The whole Government cotton program is an abomination," snorts Indian Head's Robison. "It is completely ineffective and outrageously expensive. It is a deterrent to economic growth and an obstacle in reaching the goal of increased productivity of the nation." It has also cost the U.S. its leadership in world cotton. Since rigid controls began in 1933, U.S. output has remained fairly stable at 14 million bales, while foreign production has grown from 14 million bales to 30 million. Textile makers also complain that the quality of U.S. cotton has deteriorated because the U.S. stands ready to buy whatever its farmers produce.

Avoiding the Obvious. In his drive to alleviate the textile maker's troubles, President Kennedy has promised some sensible measures, including bigger depreciation allowances on textile machinery and a Government-aided research program. But by piling on trade barriers to offset export subsidies to offset price supports, the net effect of his textile program will surely be to remove the industry farther than ever from the conditions of free competition. As for the strong medicine that would help the most—ending the whole costly absurdity of cotton props—that is a remedy that no Administration has dared hint at.

TRANSPORTATION

How to Win While Losing

Harry Weinberg, 53, is an up-from-the-slums entrepreneur who has made a fortune by buying faltering city bus lines and then paying payrolls, slashing services, and raising some fares. Robert Ferdinand Wagner, 52, the mayor of New York with ambitions for higher office, is a consummate politician who wants to stay on the safe side with bus riders and labor unions. Last week these two determined men collided on the streets of New York, snarling public transit from the Bowers to The Bronx. The nation's biggest metropolitan bus line was stalled by a strike, and Bob Wagner was pledged to wrest it from the control of Harry Weinberg.

Whipsaw. The trouble began when Weinberg set his sights on the Fifth Avenue Coach Line, whose routes lace Manhattan and suburban Westchester County. With the shrewd counsel of Lawyer Roy M. Cohn, 35, the boy Torquemada of the McCarthy era, Weinberg and friends bought up 23% of Fifth Avenue's stock for \$5,500,000, put Weinberg in the driver's seat. Straightaway, he began to complain that the company was barreling toward bankruptcy, demanded a fare boost from 15¢ to 20¢ to save it. Mayor Wag-

PERSONAL FILE



HILL

• Executives have been cut down like cornstalks lately at J. I. Case Co., Wisconsin's debt-ridden farm-implement manufacturer, which has lost two presidents and \$72 million in the past two years. Last week, after a nine-month talent hunt, the board (and worried bankers) picked a new president: **Merritt D. Hill**, 59, who showed rare energy and chilly efficiency in building Ford's tractor division from a one-horse producer of utility tractors to a full-line implement manufacturer before retiring as a Ford vice president this month. His job now is to wipe out Case's \$118 million bank debt, shine up a corporate reputation that was tarnished when onetime (1957-60) Case Boss Marc Rojzman flooded dealer showrooms with highly touted but insufficiently engineered farm machines.



DANN

• Peace seemed likely to break out between the Chrysler Corp. and Proxy Battler **Sol A. Dann**, 58, the feisty Detroit lawyer who, as a stockholder (5,100 shares), has been harrying management for three years. In return for indefinite postponement of Chrysler's \$30 million libel suit against him, Dann proposes to abandon his own suits against a clutch of former Chrysler executives and suppliers for alleged collusion to overcharge the company on parts. His new amiability stems from confidence in new Chrysler Chairman George Love. Says Dann: "Where there's Love, there's hope . . . The future looks good for Chrysler."



DONAHUE

• Putting most of its money into vending machines, the Universal Match Corp. of St. Louis hit the jackpot when the machine market soared, only to see profits plunge 63% to \$2.3 million last year under the pressure of heavy competition and development costs. Looking for a vending expert to help it out, Universal last week named as president **Thomas Donahue**, 44, an 18-year vending veteran who rose from accountant to executive vice president of National Vendors, Inc., a Universal subsidiary, but left in 1960 to help organize United Servomation Corp. The change was protested by Universal's strong-minded outgoing President John L. Wilson, 59, who stays on as chairman. But Bachelor Tom Donahue was the choice of Controlling Stockholder Frank Prince, 74.



BUSMAN WEINBERG
Wheels, deals—and millions.

ner, who had promised to hold fares down, would tolerate none of that. Roared Weinberg: "Somebody's a liar. Mayor Wagner says the company can operate with a 15¢ fare. I say it can't."

Then Weinberg tried a whipsawing tactic that he had previously used on balky city governments in Scranton, Pa., Dallas and Honolulu. Without higher fares, he warned, Fifth Avenue Coach would have to lay off 1,500 workers and cut down Sunday and night service. He began by sacking 29 workers, many of them old-time employees disabled on the job. In reprisal, Transport Workers Union President Michael Quill led his 6,500 Fifth Avenue Coach workers on strike, and for perhaps the first time in living memory found the public on his side. Weinberg slapped back with a \$37,305,000 damage suit against the union, claiming it struck "wrongfully, willfully and wickedly."

Mayor Wagner charged that Weinberg purposely provoked the strike to force a fare raise, and vowed that New York wanted no part of Weinberg. The mayor then ordered his city Board of Estimate to cancel the "temporary" city franchises under which Fifth Avenue operates 38 of its 80 routes, also petitioned the Republican-dominated state legislature to grant him immediate power to seize the rest of the company's city routes and to condemn its property. Harry Weinberg geared for battle. He had been through many struggles before.

Money Makes Money. Born in Austria and raised in Baltimore, Weinberg quit school in sixth grade to help out in his father's auto repair shop. This left him short on the niceties of syntax (for example, he says of former Fifth Avenue Coach Chairman Howard Cullman: "He was entrusted of these stockholders with their money and he done as chairman a very bad job"). But Weinberg is a near genius at numbers.

He went into the tire-recapping business, got rich by investing in Depression-era real estate. By buying low and selling high, he made a fortune after the war in depreciated bonds of the Baltimore Transit Co., saw the huge—and often overlooked—profit potentials in city transit. He bought heavily into the Scranton Transit Co., then got control as its receiver after an eight-month strike drove it to the brink of bankruptcy. Typically, Weinberg halved the payroll and chopped services, but Scranton Transit now rides in the black, and a union man says grudgingly, "That guy kept 125 jobs that might have been lost." Then he bought control of Honolulu Transit, used Honolulu Transit assets to buy Dallas Transit, and Dallas Transit money to buy control of Fifth Avenue Coach.

Down with Riders. Weinberg's swash-buckling tactics can hardly be regarded as a responsible answer to the woes of transit companies. He sets up no depreciation fund to buy new equipment, and the number of riders on his buses is skidding fast. His critics, who are many, charge that he intends to eventually liquidate his bus lines and keep only the valuable real estate holdings of his companies. Weinberg insists that he believes in providing only as much bus service as people are willing to pay for, a simple proposition that infuriates politicians who may be anxious to keep fares low by disguised subsidies.

Last week it looked as if New York's Bob Wagner would win the power to buy out Fifth Avenue Coach at a court-determined price and turn its runs over to other local lines. Even so, Wheeler-Dealer Weinberg stood to gain. Attorney Roy Cohn looked forward to a "bonanza." The company's book asset value is \$50 million; if the court orders the city to pay only half that much under condemnation proceedings, Weinberg will get \$36 apiece for shares that cost him \$18. He wants more. "I think \$120 million is a fair price for the company," says Weinberg grandly, with a grin. "And I'm going to cry if we don't get it."

MANPOWER

The Stay-at-Homes

As John F. Kennedy pointed with pride last week to the latest decrease in the unemployment rate (see THE NATION), U.S. economists puzzled over some employment statistics that the President failed to mention. For years, the economists have predicted that because of the baby boom of the 1940s, the number of Americans looking for jobs would swell to unmanageable proportions in the 1960s. According to this theory, the number of people working and looking for work in the U.S. should have increased by about 850,000 last year. Instead, the nation's labor force last month stood at only 70.3 million people—28,000 less than a year earlier.

While the experts believe that this sudden halt in the growth of the work force may be a temporary phenomenon rather

What price money?

A basketball player throws a game for maybe \$500.

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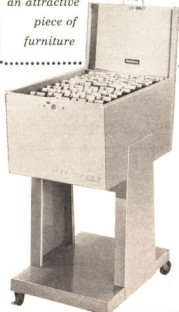
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than the beginning of a trend, they are concerned enough to want to pinpoint the groups responsible for the shrinkage. Among 1961's new stay-at-homes:

► Men over 60 dropped out of the labor force at a high rate, largely because of the new social security provision that lets them retire with benefits at 62.

► More boys under 19 stayed on in school—which cut the proportion of young people seeking jobs by 2.3% last year.

► The number of women over 45 returning to work because their children had left home dropped to an abnormally low 12,000.

► A whopping 456,000 farm workers—mostly elderly men, part-time help or the wives and daughters of farmers—disappeared from the labor market as uneconomic farms closed down.

Why aren't the new stay-at-homes out looking for work? The likeliest reason is that, between the effects of automation and the slowness of the recovery, the U.S. has not been creating new jobs as fast as it usually does in a period of economic upturn. In the first twelve months of recovery from the 1958 recession, more than 1,800,000 new non-farm jobs opened up. Last month, at the same stage of the current recovery, there were only 1,260,000 more non-farm jobs than at the recession's trough.

As a result, argues A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, marginal workers such as married women, the very young, and the elderly are too discouraged to seek work. This, says Meany bitterly, "helps the unemployment statistics some, but it doesn't help the unemployment problem at all." Labor Department Manpower Expert Seymour Wolfbein, however, believes that the plight of the marginal worker has its bright side: if young people concentrate on getting more education and if less efficient workers stay at home, the U.S. work force should increase its productivity, to the ultimate benefit of the whole economy.

WALL STREET

Another Stock Exchange

Last week hardly seemed the time to launch a new stock exchange—at a moment when the whole U.S. securities market was undergoing the most searching Government investigation since the 1930s. Nonetheless, in Lower Manhattan's cobble-stoned butter-and-egg wholesaling district, the cocky little National Stock Exchange made its debut amid the clink of champagne glasses and the clang of the trading gong.

The first new U.S. stock exchange since 1934, Natex (pronounced Nay-tex) will cater to fledgling companies that cannot meet the requirements of the major exchanges. While the American Stock Exchange rarely lists a company unless it has earnings of at least \$150,000, and the New York Stock Exchange demands \$1,000,000, Natex will have no minimum earnings requirement at all.

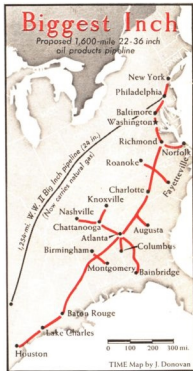
Natex Chairman Lawrence Huntington Taylor, 48, a veteran Wall Street broker,

believes that many of the nation's more than 50,000 unlisted stock companies will flock to the Natex in hopes of getting the publicity, ease of trading, and aura of stability afforded by listing. But on opening day the new exchange listed only eight issues, most of which carried in their corporate titles such alluring words as "automated," "missiles" or "electronics"—and six of which are selling below their original offering prices.

CONSTRUCTION

Dream Pipe

When foreign industrialists visit the U.S., their rubbernecking is focused on its skyscrapers, factories and freeways—and then on its continent-spanning pipelines. Last week a band of oilmen said that they will build the biggest line of them all: a



yard-wide pipe that, when it is completed late next year, will pump gasoline, kerosene, furnace oil and diesel fuel over 1,600 miles from Houston to New York's Staten Island and to 1,000 miles of spur lines in between. The \$350 million pipe, biggest privately financed construction job in history, will be bankrolled by nine oil majors. They are: American Oil, Cities Service, Continental, Gulf, Phillips, Pure Oil, Sinclair, Socony Mobil and Texaco.

For oilmen, the line will reduce the higher costs of shipping by sea and will tap growing markets in cities that present pipelines skirt. It will also have more immediate effects on the U.S. economy. The builders will order 500,000 tons of steel (for about \$100 million) and \$100 million worth of pumps, generators and other finished gear.



Roberto Clemente coaching one of Puerto Rico's 150 junior baseball teams. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Hero's return: a happy story of Puerto Rico

YOU may recognize the Pirate above. He is Roberto Clemente, a Pittsburgh Pirate. And National League batting champion.

Not long ago, while vacationing in Puerto Rico, he volunteered to coach the island's junior baseball teams. No one asked him to. But he had his reasons. "These boys play with all their hearts, and they listen with both ears.

A good feeling for the teacher."

Sit in the bleachers in one of Puerto Rico's many boy-sized ball parks. You will be astonished at how brilliantly the small fry master the game.

Or visit one of the 728 U.S. factories there. Puerto Rican workers acquire skills so readily that they often outproduce labor on the mainland.

This lively aptitude for learning is

one of the things that will impress you about the people of Puerto Rico.

And it is why 55,000 U.S. executives find Puerto Rico a stimulating place to live and to work. There are other reasons—which you will enjoy discovering for yourself. The answers are less than 3½ jet hours from New York.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Aleksandr Revkov, 35, Russian oil technician, and Aleksandra Revkov, 35; triplet sons; in Guryev, Kazakhstan, U.S.S.R. Names: Yuri, Gherman and John.

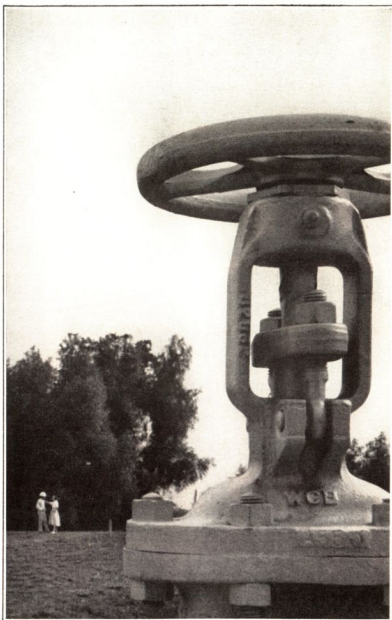
Born. To Peter John James Rabbitt Jr., 37, Democratic representative to the Missouri state legislature, and Mrs. Maxine Rabbitt, 34; their tenth child, fifth son. Name: Peter Rabbitt III.

Died. Isabel Dodge Sloane, seventyish, blunt and steely auto heiress who became the first lady of U.S. horseracing; following intestinal surgery; in Palm Beach. Daughter of Pioneer Auto Builder John F. Dodge, she shied away from high society to devote her energies to her Brookmeade Stables, won the track's richest laurels with thoroughbreds Cavalade (1934 Kentucky Derby winner) and Sword Dancer (top money-earner of 1959), but rarely rode herself.

Died. John Gale Alden, 78, ruddy Yankee yachtsman and sailboat designer who put ocean racing within reach of the only moderately rich with his *Malabar* class of small rugged schooners derived from Gloucester fishing smacks, proved the soundness of his designs by becoming the first man to win three Bermuda regattas, and set more of his hulls afloat than any other U.S. marine architect; of a stroke; near Orlando, Fla.

Died. Juan Alberto March y Ordinas, 81, Spanish Croesus (estimated fortune: \$300 million to \$1 billion) who was often called "the last pirate of the Mediterranean" and who bankrolled Francisco Franco's climb to dictatorship; of injuries sustained two weeks ago when his Cadillac crashed head on into a banking competitor's car; in Madrid. Though he was born penniless on Majorca and remained illiterate until the age of 40, hawk-featured March (pronounced Mark) scaled from stevedore to smuggler to shipowner, won over the Spanish tobacco monopoly, sold to both sides during both World Wars, gained control of much of Spain's banking, brewing, mining, farming, utilities, newspapers—and its politics—and later tried to buy respectability from those who denied it to him, setting up the Juan March Foundation with a gift of \$16.6 million to subsidize artists, scientists and lawyers, giving it another \$16.6 million from his deathbed.

Died. Adolph Toepperwein, 92, longtime touring marksman for the Winchester firearms company, a Texas gunsmith's son who won the unofficial title of world's greatest sharpshooter in a 1907 shooting match during which he gunned out of the air all but nine of 72,500 pine cubes the size of alphabet blocks, only stopped then because he had exhausted all the .22-caliber ammunition in San Antonio; of heart disease; in San Antonio.



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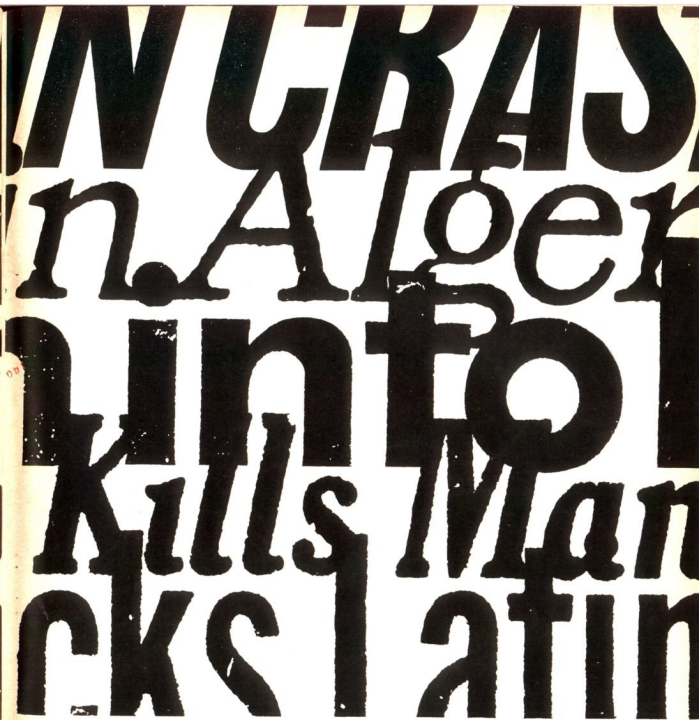
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BOOKS

Put and Take

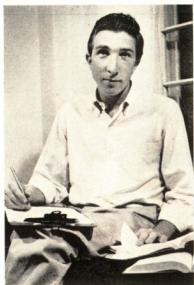
PIGEON FEATHERS AND OTHER STORIES (278 pp.)—John Updike—Knopf (\$4).

John Updike is a brilliant writer who has so far failed to write a brilliant book. Admiring readers who have watched him warm up for the last several years, exhibiting his perfect half volleys and cable-knit sweater, soon may begin to wonder when he is going to get on with the match. The warmup continues in the present collection, as the author jogs his beautifully developed style through a not very demanding series of mood studies, stories and sketches.

All of the glittering words are on view; on page after page the reader's eye is caught by a lambent phrase that subtly calibrates a mood, or a rasping epithet that tears through surface felicity at exactly the point where the author wants granite to show. But before long, although Updike's gifts of language have no trace of falsity, the repeated realization of cleverness begins to be annoying. Unwillingly the reader commences to play put-and-take, acknowledging a score for the author after an especially well-put sentence, taking a point away when a mannerism becomes obvious or the author's pride of word shows through.

Plastic Twin. Updike is a delver into himself, much in the manner of Proust. Most of his protagonists in this collection are really the same thin, brooding young man, although they are given different names. Clearly they are different ages of a fabricated Updike, the kind of plastic twin brother that Proustians invent when they want to probe their own insides without disturbing the machinery. The trouble is that Author Updike does not really seem interested in exploring time and soul, but merely in finding some minimalist core to be crusted with his magnificent words. This dedicated 20-year-old man of letters says very little, and says it very well.

An instance is a brief story called *The Crow in the Woods*. In lacelike prose, with just enough homely obtrusions to prevent his art from seeming precious, Updike tells of a young man's epiphany. The hero wakes up on a winter morning, regards the beauty of his still-sleeping wife, and looks in awe at trees transformed by snow. He rises, fondly changes his baby daughter's diaper, and carries her downstairs, warmly conscious of the absent-minded pat of her hands on his neck. His wife bustles down and prepares breakfast. While he is eating it, he sees, through a window, a great crow settle on a snowy branch. It seems to him the most wonderful thing he has ever seen, and he calls his wife excitedly. "The woman's pragmatic blue eyes flicked from his face to the window where she saw only snow and rested on the forgotten food steaming between his hands. Her lips moved: 'Eat your egg.'"



JOHN UPDIKE
Jogging without sweating.

Words Fondly Tasted. It is beautifully said. But what it says is just not enough. So it goes throughout the collection. Even the book's best story—a young A. & P. food checker watches three girls in bathing suits pad through the store, and quits his job impulsively when his boss reproaches them for their immodesty—is as forgettable as last week's *New Yorker*.

The impressions left are of risks untaken, words too fondly tasted, and of a security of skill that approaches smugness. No doubt it is unjust to say these



DAVID STACTION
Cutting without cutlasses.

things of a writer who is, after all, better than almost all his contemporaries. But then the apportionment of ability is also unjust, and John Updike must be measured against his outsized (and burdensome) share.

End Game

A SIGNAL VICTORY (224 pp.)—David Staction—Pantheon (\$3.95).

David Staction's sourly excellent historical novels are like chess games of long-dead masters, replayed from dusty notes. The author moves the pieces for both black and white, knowing the outcomes, musing on strengths and weaknesses unseen by the players. It is to catalyze these dark musings, not to commemorate the players, that Staction restages the old battles. Not surprisingly, his novels lack the painted scenery and speeches in all-purpose King James dialect that clutter other historical fiction. In *A Signal Victory*, the ironically titled tale of the Spanish conquest of the Maya civilization, there is not a line of dialogue. The book's most vivid presence is that of Author Staction, brooding in mordant aphorisms about the uses of power. Everything is stated in epigrams, and he can drop the material for an evening's argument into an apparently offhand phrase such as: "Like all fanatics, he thought in negatives . . ."

Yet following Staction's tortuous meditations has its rare rewards. Without 400 pages of cutlass work, the invading Spanish are contemptuously summed up: "They knew nothing of navigation. That they left to the Portuguese. When there was something to shoot, they shot it. When there was nothing to shoot, they prayed." The author admires the doomed Mayas, the soft, proud, cruel, devious fanciers of blood sacrifices. It is a measure of his skill that he persuades the reader to admire them, too.

At the book's focus is a dim figure from history, a Spanish renegade named Guerrero, who tried to shake the Maya princes from their fatalism and organize resistance to the invaders. The enigma of Guerrero is not fully resolved at the book's end; he is a less complete character than that other Staction enigma, the Pharaoh Ikhnaton of the brilliant *On a Balcony* (TIME, Sept. 6, 1959). The trouble may be that philosophical novelists are, in their weakest moments, tract-writing zealots. Staction's message in this book is that the proper study of doomed men is how to die with dignity. But in his eagerness to give his hero a suitable death, he has neglected to bring him credibly to life.

Family Snapshots

MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY (283 pp.)—Leicester Hemingway—World (\$4.95).

Ernest Hemingway continues posthumously to be good for the publishing business; eight books and nonbooks are currently in print about him and his work, with more sure to come. The two latest are examples of sibling nonrivalry: Older

Sister Marcelline's clutch of childhood memories recently serialized in the monthly *Atlantic*, and this collection of Kid Brother Leicester's reminiscences serialized in *Playboy*.

Leicester Hemingway, dubbed by Ernest "The Baron" for reasons unexplained, reveals himself as the archetypal kid brother. He was 16 years younger. He adored "Stein," as he called him. And he took naturally to Stein's patronizing pontifications on how to do anything, from landing a fish to landing a woman, and was happy to serve as batman, drink mixer, errand boy and good listener whenever the Great Man felt the urge. His book about his brother is not really a biography. But as a chronological series of personal memories, plus cullings from

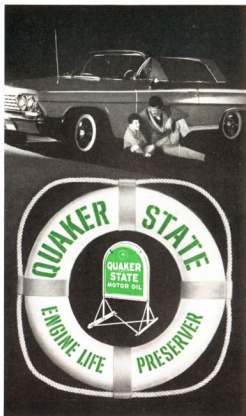


HEMINGWAY & KID BROTHER
"The Baron" called him "Stein."

Hemingway's letters, it adds some warm flesh tones to the growing picture of the supersensitive he-man who did much to mold the living as well as the writing style of an era.

Most notable is Leicester's account of Hemingway's last years. The stricken Hemingway was much sicker than anyone knew. He hurt from serious internal injuries suffered in his African air crashes. He was plagued by cirrhosis of the liver, high blood pressure and severe mental depression. In November 1960, he went to the Mayo Clinic, where he received 15 electroshock treatments; in April he went back for ten more. "Temporarily he seemed more alert, less withdrawn, less depressed." But when he was released at the end of June, his weight was down from his normal 200 to a gaunt 155.

A friend drove him and his wife, Mary



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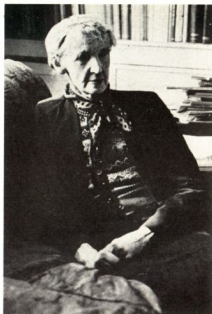
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ROSE MACAULAY



FATHER JOHNSON

A matter of faintly scarlet letters.

Welsh, to their house in Ketchum, Idaho. "He watched the road a great deal; he was concerned about reaching each appointed destination—seemed worried about the gas supply, the tires, and the road, and followed their progress constantly on a large map which he carried." About 7 o'clock two mornings after they arrived, "he took the final positive action of his life. Like a samurai who felt dishonored by the word or deed of another, Ernest felt his own body had betrayed him. Rather than allow it to betray him further, he, who had given what he once described as the gift of death to so many living creatures in his lifetime, loaded the weapon he held and then leaned forward as he placed the stock of his favorite shotgun on the floor of the foyer, and found a way to trip the cocked hammers of the gun."

Not for Burning

LETTERS TO A FRIEND (382 pp.)—Rose Macaulay—Atheneum (\$5).

Rose Macaulay died in 1958 at the age of 77, one of Britain's most distinguished ladies of letters, with some three dozen sharp, perceptive books to her credit. A Dame Commander of the British Empire, she was a witty, brittle bird of a woman who spread panic in the streets with her ancient auto, regularly bicycled down to bathe in London's Serpentine when she was in her 70s, and published a satirical bestseller (*The Towers of Trebizond*) when she was 75.

She never married. But in 1917, when she was 36 and had written eight novels whose leading characters had a somewhat sexless quality and a tendency to first names that were appropriate to either man or woman, Rose Macaulay fell in

love with a married man. Their affair continued some 20 years, until his death; but only her immediate family and a few intimate friends knew of it until the publication of these letters.

Long Adultery. The letters were written to an Anglican priest stationed near Boston, Mass., who had known her slightly many years before and had written her in 1950 to say he liked one of her books.

In the exchange of letters that followed (they never again met), the Rev. John Hamilton Cowper Johnson of the order known as the Cowley Fathers helped her return to the sacraments of the Church of England, from which her conscience had kept her during her long adultery. Though she asked, and expected, that the letters be destroyed, here they all are, from 1950 to 1952 (another volume is to come), edited and with an introduction by her third cousin, Constance Babington-Smith. Numerous notable literary lights were scandalized when *Letters to a Friend* was published in England last October. Said Author Rebecca West: "It made me want to vomit." But according to Editor Babington-Smith, Father Johnson and Rose Macaulay's spinster sister, Jean, felt that the letters might be "of inestimable value and help to many."

Late Regret. It is difficult to see how. Their religious element is mostly discussion of erudite Anglican minutiae and spiritual snobbisms that are more likely to chill the unconverted than warm them. They are loaded with off-the-cuff comments that Rose Macaulay herself would have been distressed to see in print. And it is doubtful that many sinners will be changed by her moving repentance of her life's love: "I told you once that I couldn't really regret the past. But now I do regret it, very much . . . Not all

the long years of happiness together, of love and friendship and almost perfect companionship (in spite of its background) was worth while, it cost too much, to us and to other people. I didn't know that before, but I do now. And he had no life after it to be different in, and I have lived the greater part of mine. If only I had refused and gone on refusing."

"Letters should be burned," she once told a friend. And the last of these garrulous, amusing, crotchety, churchy letters to Father Johnson ends: "I'm glad you like to have my letters. Really too? I think you'd better get rid of them, of any you have kept, in that incinerator! I own I have kept yours . . . but I will burn them before I die; they're not for other people to see."

In accordance with her wish, Father Johnson's letters to her were destroyed.

Progress Is Necessary

WHAT IS HISTORY? [209 pp.]—Edward Hallett Carr—Knopf [\$3.50].

"I often think it odd" said one of the characters in *Northanger Abbey*, "that history should be so dull, for a great deal of it must be invention." How much of it is invention, how it should be invented, and to what end, is the subject of this dazzling display of witty wisdom by one of the world's top historians. Professor E. H. Carr of Trinity College, Cambridge, originally put together his thoughts in the form of six lectures, delivered a year ago to his fellow Fellows at Cambridge. The BBC found them so interesting that it put the entire text on the air. In book form, they should fuel many an erudite bull session.

Professor Carr deftly disposes of the "common-sense view of history" as an assemblage of facts like so many fish, stone-cold dead in a fish store ("The historian collects them, takes them home, and cooks and serves them in whatever style appeals to him"). Instead, Carr demonstrates, facts are more "like fish swimming about in a vast and sometimes inaccessible ocean; and what the historian catches will depend partly on chance, but mainly on what part of the ocean he chooses to fish in and what tackle he chooses to use—these two factors being, of course, determined by the kind of fish he wants to catch."

A self-styled optimist, Carr believes that the idea of progress is necessary to answer his title question. History turns into theology when the meaning of the past depends on "some extra-historical and super-rational power." It becomes literature when it is merely a collection of stories about the past. Concludes Carr: "History properly so-called can be written only by those who find and accept a sense of direction in history itself. The belief that we have come from somewhere is closely linked with the belief that we are going somewhere. A society which has lost its belief in its capacity to progress in the future will quickly cease to concern itself with its progress in the past."

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CINEMA

Tomorrow Is My Turn. A military melodrama, directed by France's André Cayatte, that has some discriminating things to say about apparent and actual freedom and bondage.

The Lower Depths. Akira Kurosawa's Japanization of the classic proletarian comedy by Maxim Gorky boils with demonic energy and rocks with large, yeasaying laughter.

The Night. Marriage without love and life without meaning are examined with talent, intelligence and despair by Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*), whose text might be taken from W. H. Auden: "The glacier knocks in the cupboard, / The desert sighs in the bed, / The crack in the tea-cup opens / A lane to the land of the dead."

Victim. An entertaining but tendentious thriller that illustrates a shocking statistic: in nine out of ten cases of blackmail in Britain, the victim is a homosexual. Not for the kiddies.

Sail a Crooked Ship. The last movie made by the late Ernie Kovacs is a sort of shaggy sea-dog story in which Comedian Kovacs plays "a unsuccessful criminal" with a big cigar and a tiny brain.

Lover Come Back. Gagman Stanley Shapiro has written a situation comedy as smooth as baby food, and Director Delbert Mann manages to strain some humor out of Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

Tender Is the Night. Jason Robards Jr. portrays the triple-distilled spirit of the '20s in a competent film version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's story about a psychiatrist who lies down on the couch with his favorite patient.

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-water Flatbush errs in concept but succeeds in details. Raf Vallone is memorable as a stevedore with an offbeat Oedipus complex.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The best puppet picture ever made: a feature-length version of Shakespeare's play put together by Czechoslovakia's Jiri Trnka.

TELEVISION

Wed., March 14

The Indiscriminate Woman (NBC, 3-4 p.m.).* A study of the plight of the woman who tries to escape inner conflict by engaging in fleeting affairs. Starring Carol Lawrence and Dane Clark. Pauline Frederick narrates. Color.

Thurs., March 15

Oh, Those Bells! (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new comedy series starring slapstick artists, notably the Wiere Brothers.

Fri., March 16

Continental Classroom (NBC, 6:30-7 a.m.). Senator Barry Goldwater speaks on government.

The Telephone Hour (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). "The Music of Love," starring Alfred Drake, Lisa Della Casa, Franco Corelli, Patti Page, Barbara Cook, and Dancers Jacques d'Amboise and Melissa Hayden. Color.

* All times E.S.T.

Sat., March 17

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). Author Oliver La Farge is interviewed by John Ciardi on the struggle of the Pueblo Indians to retain their ethnic identity. Show includes a tour of the famed Taos pueblo in New Mexico.

Sun., March 18

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). An original ballet based on the Old Testament *Book of Esther*, starring Jillana.

Directions '62 (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). A 15th century *Book of Hours* is featured in close-up illustrations from an original manuscript, long sealed in the French National Library.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of *The Prince and the Pauper*, a film made in England and starring Guy Williams and 14-year-old Sean Scully in the dual title role. Color.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of the 80-year fight by women for the right to vote, with Walter Cronkite as reporter.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A documentary on crime in the U.S. from pre-Revolutionary days to the present. Edward G. Robinson does the narration.

Mon., March 19

Arthur Freed's Hollywood Melody (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The history of Hollywood musicals, starring Nanette Fabray, Shirley Jones, Howard Keel, Yvette Mimieux, Juliet Prowse, with Host Donald O'Connor and David Rose's orchestra. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. In his wisest play, the author gathers four of life's castaways on a Mexican veranda and probes their violated hearts.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan, presents an absorbing theory of T. E. Lawrence as a man both raised and racked by his own will, and crippled by his own weaknesses. John Mills plays the hero with anguish and skill.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt, throws its varicolored light on the theme of public duty v. private conscience. As Sir Thomas More, British Actor Paul Scofield is faultless.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, treats the relationship of God and man with more humor than awe, but the superb acting ability of Fredric March and Douglas Campbell supplies the necessary power and the glory.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is the secret that Actor Bobby Morse shares with the season's most appreciative audiences, as he clambers deceitfully and nimbly up the corporate slag heap.

Among Broadway's long-run tenants, **Mary, Mary** incites full houses to laugh along with Playwright Jean Kerr; **Camelot's** Round Table is becoming as durable as King Arthur's—and there is always the *grande dame* of Manhattan's musicals, **My Fair Lady**.

Off Broadway

Brecht on Brecht is an exciting peek at the poems, letters, scenes and songs in the treasure-trove of a 20th century master of theater. A splendid company gives magic to this revue-styled evening.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Rothschilds, by Frederic Morton. The absorbing story of Europe's fabulous dynasty, which rose from Frankfurt's ghetto to become the rival of royalty and the arbiter of art.

The Fox in the Attic, by Richard Hughes. The third novel by the author of *A High Wind in Jamaica*, well worth the two decades it took to germinate, is a sharply sketched study of England and Germany between World Wars I and II.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Ken Kesey. Set inside a mental hospital, this brilliant first novel is a roaring protest against middlebrow society's rules.

The Death of Ahasuerus, by Pär Lagerkvist. The Wandering Jew, rendered as a study in faith and doubt, by a Nobel Prizewinning novelist who once described himself as "a believer without belief."

The Guns of August, by Barbara W. Tuchman. The fateful first month of World War I as a drama in which every actor had rehearsed his part for years and yet turned into a shambles.

The Quarry, by Friedrich Duerrenmatt. A sick old detective trapped in a sanitarium run by an archsadist—each of them the other's quarry—provides the author with a new set of grotesque mouthpieces for his macabre view of life.

The End of the Battle, by Evelyn Waugh. Part 3 of the author's Waughtime satire, in which Guy Crouchback, having made himself ridiculous in the line of duty to God and country, is rewarded by the prospect of a long and happy life.

Writers on the Left, by Daniel Aaron. Some of the best writers in the U.S. fell for or got bullied into Communism during the Depression '30s; a look at what they said and wrote, how they fellow-traveled through ideology to disillusionment.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
3. **Chairman of the Bored**, Streeter (3)
4. **Captain Newman, M.D.**, Rosten (4)
5. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (7)
6. **Daughter of Silence**, West (5)
7. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (6)
8. **Little Me**, Dennis
9. **The Ivy Free**, Stewart (8)
10. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (9)

NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **Calories Don't Count**, Taller (2)
3. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (3)
4. **The Last Plantagenets**, Costain (5)
5. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (7)
6. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (4)
7. **Living Free**, Adamson (8)
8. **CIA: The Inside Story**, Tully (6)
9. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (10)
10. **My Saber Is Bent**, Paar (9)

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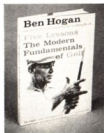


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